

# THE GOLD COAST REVIEW

Vol. IV. No. II  
July-December



THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER, ACCRA, GOLD COAST.

1928.

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## PREFACE.

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**I**T IS conceivable that the elaborate outline suggested for the guidance of those who might wish to send in contributions, which appeared in the first two numbers of the GOLD COAST REVIEW, may have been responsible for the small number of articles hitherto received for publication. In order to remove the impression that only scientific articles are required and to make the REVIEW more popular with a larger class of writer, I wish to say that I shall be glad to receive for publication in the REVIEW any short accounts on any of the following subjects:—  
Animals and animal life: wild, domesticated and domestic; Bird and bird life; Trees, plants, shrubs, flowers, their usefulness as medicine, etc.; Fishes and Fishing Industry; Lagoons; Rivers; Forests; Mountains and hill ranges; Groves; Customs and Usages; Customary laws; Institutions and the various constitutions in the Gold Coast; Monographs on fetishes; Castles of the Coast; Interesting African personalities.

THE EDITOR.

**THE CULT OF THE KWAHU HUNTER ON THE  
QUESTION OF SASA ANIMALS,  
ESPECIALLY THE ELEPHANT.**

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*Note*:—I would like to make acknowledgment to E. Addow of Abene thanks to whose help I was able to obtain by far the greater part of the information contained in this paper.

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Abetifi, Kwahu,  
20. 8. 27.

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Since Capt. Rattray came to Kwahu, he has discovered that the people there are an off-shoot of the Beretuo Clan, and that they came from Ashanti Mampon and settled in their present district about 200 years ago. When Capt. Rattray told me this, it explained to me the remarkable parallel, as well as the differences, between the hunting customs noted by him in Ashanti, and those observed in Kwahu; a parallel that had hitherto seemed to me quite inexplicable.

## ANIMALS WITH VINDICTIVE SPIRITS.

Capt Rattray has defined *sasam ioa* as "animals which are spiritually, not physically dangerous," and as an example of the importance of this distinction he points out that, in Ashanti, Adowa (the smallest of all the antelopes) is a *sasaboa* while *eko* (the bush-cow) is not.

In Kwahu, *Trom* (the bongo), *Kwaduo* (the yellow-backed *duyker*), *Oko* (the roan), and *isono* (the elephant) are regarded as the principal *Sasammao*, and of these the last is considered the most important.\* They are all accorded funerals when killed, and the hunter has to wash himself in "medicine."

There is, however, a secondary class of "spirit animals," not nearly so dangerous, but whose *sasa* do none the less require the performance of certain rites if they are to be rendered innocuous. *Osebo* (the leopard), *Agyinamoa* (the domestic cat), *Enini* (the python), and *Gyata* (the lion) belong to this group. They are not *sasammao* in the same sense as the bongo, the yellow-backed *duyker*, the roan and the elephant, as no one would go to the trouble of washing in *sasa-duru* after killing one of them, nor with one exception, are they given elaborate funerals. At the same time it is admittedly risky to take their lives, and honour is therefore shewn to their departed spirits in the performance of some of the funeral rites observed on the death of a *sasaboa*.†

The leopard is the only animal not a *sasaboa* that is given a full funeral. The reason for this special honour is that the leopard is considered to belong to the *Aboade Ntoro*.‡

Consequently, when a hunter brings in a leopard that he has killed, all the people in the town or village belonging to that *Ntoro* gather round and perform the *Abasokyere* custom; that is to say they not only pour oil into the mouth of the dead animal but bring sponges along as a sign that it is receiving the bath that would be given to a dead relation.

\*In *Religion and Art* (p. 183) Capt. Rattray mentions these four and in addition, *Fusuo* (the water-buck), *Otwe* (the *duyker*), *Adowa* (the small antelope above) and *Ewiyo* (the black *duyker*) In Ashanti it is the bongo that is most dangerous and most feared; possibly it is because bongo-hunting is hardly practicable in Kwahu, that the elephant has been given first place in this district.

†I asked Capt. Rattray about this group and he suggested that their spiritual danger might be due to their close connection with totemism. For instance, the python is the first taboo of the *Bosommuru Ntoro* (the most important of all the *Ntoro* divisions), the leopard of *Bosompra*, and so on.

‡Capt. Rattray explains that *Ntoro* is the male transmitted element in reproduction. This element the Ashanti believe to be the spirit (in man or beast), and the female supplies the *abusua* (blood). Members of the same *Ntoro* belong to the same 'patrilineal exogamous division' and are obviously, for the most part, not connected by blood at all in the Ashanti sense. The *Aboade Ntoro* is not mentioned amongst those found by Capt. Rattray in Ashanti.

It is probably on account of his Ntoro that the leopard is also known in Twi as Gyane-Hene (Gyahene), king of the "Gyane" family, of which Gyane-Atta (Gyata) the lion, Gyane-Amoa (Agyinamoa) the cat, and Agyanee the hyena are also members.\*

#### PROCEDURE FOR HUNTING SASAMMOA.

The hunting of sasammoa is not undertaken lightly. A hunter would far rather miss a certain shot, unless he has made due preparations, than incur the risk of the animal's spirit wreaking its vengeance on him.

These preparations chiefly concern the Asuman† (charms, for fetishes) of the particular hunter. He relies on his Asuman for guidance, for safety and success on the expedition, and for protection after the event. His first concern therefore is to be sure that in this respect at all events he is well equipped.

A hunter cannot buy his Asuman from Mahomedan traders, as is often done by other people, he has to find them for himself in the bowels of the animals he has killed.

Having found a potential suman the hunter brings it home and immediately consults a local Obosöm (god) in order to discover its name, its occupation, its likes and its taboos. He then waits until the evening.

Shortly before sunset a carrier is appointed for the new suman, usually a young boy in order to make certain that the information given by the suman will be correct, and not coloured by a sophisticated and therefore untrustworthy medium.

As soon as everyone is ready (the carrier with the suman, the hunter, his friends and anyone else interested) the procession moves off, the carrier remaining silent while the rest throng round singing songs suited to the occasion. Everyone knows when the spirit has arrived, as the carrier becomes possessed and, after frantic gesticulations, begins to talk. The suman, through the medium, swears‡ to assist the hunter in every way, to name the animals that he will kill, and to tell him when and where to find them.

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\*I have to admit that one informant told me quite definitely that the lion was the only animal not a sasaboa, to be given a funeral with the Abasokyere custom; and that in certain districts it was frequently given an obofosie (the dance at a hunter's funeral), in addition. I could find no support for this statement.

†There are any number of these Asuman; some of the names given to me describe themselves "Mpra" (from yi. . . . . apra, to forewarn), "Boa-me" (help me), but the origin of the others Anfwere, Kyafrakra, Afrim, Adare, Odiatuo, Nimo is not so easy to see. This certainly does not exhaust the list of Asuman used in Kwahu; none of these are mentioned by Capt Rattray (*Religion and Art*, Chap. 2) as employed in Ashanti.

‡The names of the oaths usually employed by hunters on the Afram plains are Afram-awiam, Nkonkoma, and Huäsuo, but their form and the manner in which they are taken I could not discover.

In return for all this the hunter has to swear (repeating the same oaths) that he will obey all the commands of the *suman*, will perform all the rites it may require, and will observe all its taboos\* ; and finally, if the *suman* has kept its side of the bargain, that he will offer drink, eggs, fowls, or sheep to it, as it may desire.

While the oaths are being taken and the contract made binding, those taking part in the procession fire off Dane-guns, and dance and sing in honour of the *suman*. The *suman* is then ready to enter on its duties. It begins by fixing a day on which the hunter is to start his expedition and it names a river, close at hand, from which the hunter is to set forth.

When the day arrives the hunter and his company put up temporary huts on the bank of the appointed river, the *suman* being housed either in a separate room or in the same shelter as the hunter. An offering of rum is given to the river, it is told the whole story and the reason for their presence there, and finally it is asked to help the *suman* in watching over the interests of the hunter and his followers, as it too is native to the country.

Before leaving the first camp the hunter has to consecrate both himself and his weapon. The *suman* is told about this, and certain leaves are left on top of it over night. Next morning rum is poured over the *suman*, and the leaves removed. Half of these are squeezed out and form the *Sasa-duru* (spirit-"medicine") which is then added to a calabash full of water and the whole well mixed. The inside of the barrel of the gun is thoroughly washed with the mixture and the gun left unused for seven days (or as many as the *suman* may direct). The *suman* is then consulted and tells the hunter the kind of animal he will kill, the place where it is to be found, the time to look for it, and the mark or marks†, made on it (by the *suman*) whereby the hunter may know that he has killed the right beast.

The hunter sets off very early on the day advised by his *suman*. He carries with him a calabash full of water from the river, into which he has squeezed the "medicine" from the remaining half of the leaves used in consecrating his gun. As soon as he is clear of the camp and on the right path for the place mentioned by the *suman*, he stops, puts the "medicine" on the ground and lays his gun down on the far side of it. He then undresses completely and piles everything on top of the gun. He then picks up the "medicine," which is lying between him and his equipment, and washes himself in it from top to toe. This he

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\*That this contract imposes a very real obligation on the hunter is well illustrated by the tragic story of the death of a hunter who broke a taboo of his *Obosom* (*Ashanti*, pp. 170 and 171). That he had to pay for his indiscretion with his life surprised no one.

†These marks may be a hole in the ear of the animal, a cut on the tusk if it be an elephant or any other bodily defect.

does three times, and having finished, turns the calabash upside down and places a stone on it to keep it in position. He then dresses and goes straight to the place where he is to find his quarry. If the animal isn't there he has to wait for it, he may not search himself, he knows that it will come and that he will recognize it when it does, for if it is in a herd it will stand out from the others or make some other definite sign, and afterwards there is always the acid test of the marks, about which he has been told.

Having killed the Sasaboa he has been expecting the hunter puts some "medicine\*" in his mouth, and approaches the carcass. This medicine he spits into its eyes and anus in order to drive out the sasa. He then cuts off its legs, beginning with the fore-legs, to make sure that the animal's spirit will be unable to carry him off his path on the return journey†.

The next step is to find the marks referred to by the suman; having found them, for they are sure to be there, all is plain sailing. The tail is cut off, and with it and the four legs the hunter returns to his camp. He makes an offering of gunpowder and wadding to the first stream he crosses, tells it all that has happened, and asks its help for even greater success in the future.

On reaching the spot where the calabash was left, he deposits his gun along with the tail and legs of his sasaboa. He picks up the calabash and goes straight to his suman. He pours another offering of rum over the suman and draws off some more "medicine." He then fills the calabash, at the river near the camp, and returns with it and the "medicine" to his gun and trophies. Again he has to bathe in the medicine, mixed with the water in the calabash, just as he did before setting out on his expedition. From the time when he made his sacrifice and prayers at the first stream crossed on the return journey until the time when he has had this bath, he may not say a word to anyone, if he did he would certainly go mad. Once he has had the bath however, he is free to speak. He returns to camp and reports his success; one by one his followers come and congratulate him, not by shaking hands, but by taking hold of his right wrist; they then join with him in offering rum, eggs and fowl to both the suman and the river.

Finally those in camp bring different foodstuffs to the hunter, and these he takes to the spot where he bathed himself. He throws the food in the direction of his kill saying, "Sasammao nnyina ba ha, eyi ye nantewyiye nuan a mederemã mo; fi ho ko"

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\*The hunter is never without a reserve supply of "medicine" from his suman, when he is out hunting.

†If he did not do this he would see the ghost of the dead animal standing in the path before him; and this mirage would decoy him into the heart of the bush where, once lost, he would die of starvation.

(All you Sasammaoa present here, this is the farewell offering of food that I give you ; disperse !) After this there is no fear of the animal's spirit having any power over the hunter.

### HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

#### 1. *The Quest.*

After the hunter has killed several sasammaoa, with the guidance and help of his suman, he begins to feel that he is capable of going after the greatest of them all. There are many reasons which urge him on to kill elephants, but the chief amongst these is that in Kwahu, he is never admitted into the innermost circle of his profession until he has three, at least, to his credit. Before this, he is known as an Obommofe (an amateur hunter, so to say) but after killing three elephants he is initiated into the order of the Abofe† (the seasoned professional hunters) which not only entitles him to certain privileges during life and special rites at his funeral—(all of which will appear later)—but raises him at once to a rank of great importance amongst his people.

At first the procedure is very much the same as in the case of any other Sasaboa. That is to say the hunter applies to his suman for permission to kill an elephant. He thanks the suman for his help in the past and points out that he has now killed so many sasammaoa that, were he to kill the great sasaboa, it would find an adequate staff of ketesofo ready to serve it in the spirit world. The required advice is asked and given, as before, through a medium who carries the suman round to the accompaniment of appropriate songs. The old order of events continues to be observed until after the point when the hunter has consecrated his gun with half the sasa-duru obtained from his suman, has received (provisional) instructions concerning his kill, and has bathed himself three times in the remaining half of the "medicine." Then, instead of proceeding to find his quarry, he has to return to camp and search out anyone with whom he has a misunderstanding. When all differences have been settled,

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NOTE.—The hunter may not himself eat the flesh of the sasaboa \* Every sasaboa has, however, a ketesofo (Mat-carrier, servant), an attendant animal, that is not itself a sasaboa except in the case of the great Sasaboa, the elephant, whose ketesofo may be one of the other sasammaoa). The particular ketesofo is sure to present itself for execution, immediately before, or after, its master. The hunter may eat of its flesh, unless it be a sasaboa that has exposed itself in the case of an elephant.

\*This agrees with *Religion and Art*, p.184, footnote 1.

†The words Obofe, and Obommofe are given as synonymous in Christaller's Dictionary, but the distinction here noted is very strictly observed in Kwahu.

and peace and good-will restored, he has to perform a ceremony known as *Ano-hyira*.\* This takes place on his soul-day, that is the day of the week on which he was born.

First of all he takes a thorough bath, and shaves his head. He then puts on a white cloth, trims his finger and toe nails, and marks his body with *hyire* (a white clay). In the meantime a large number of dishes of food are being prepared. Many of these will be enjoyed later by the camp; they consist of sheep, fowls, eggs, and any game recently shot by the hunter—but far more important is the “soul dish.” The ingredients are *Oto*† (mashed yam or plantain), boiled eggs, egg-shells, *Adwere* (a kind of herb, used in many religious ceremonies), and *Sasabonsam* leaves (leaves of the silk-cotton tree), a lump of salt is kept handy. These are brought separately into the hunter’s bedroom, where he and his family meet in private.

The hunter takes an empty dish and into this he puts part of the *Oto* along with the egg-shells, the leaves, and some of the eggs broken up. As he does this the hunter tells his soul and the *Obosõm* of his father why he is making the offering. He then takes three small bites out of the lump of salt and spits each one into the dish.‡ The food is now presented, and the hunter prays that his soul and the *Obosõm* of his father will help and protect him in return. The dish is then covered over and the hunter and his family troop out.

The remainder of the day is given over to feasting and rest, a holiday in which the whole camp takes part.

At dusk the hunter returns, for a time, to his devotions. He brings out the dish of *Oto* that was left covered up in the bedroom and throws the food on to the roof of his house with the words:—  
“*Okra Kwasiş kɔ da o, kɔ da ŋkwa ne siade ne akwāhosan so*”  
(*Kwasi* my soul go to sleep, go to sleep and may long life, good-fortune, and health be yours).||

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\**Ano-hyira* (lit. mouth-blessing) is an act of worship of one’s own soul; cf. the common phrase, *Mihyira m’ano mepa* (I call upon my soul to ward off danger).

†No salt or pepper is allowed to enter into the actual preparation of the *Oto*, as it is well known that *sāmāŋfo* (departed spirits) never eat salt or pepper, and so the hunter takes no chances with his soul that will one day be his *sāmāŋ*, for at all costs he wishes his offering of food to be accepted.

‡There is apparently no danger of this putting his soul off the food, it can easily avoid the part tainted with salt, which it could not have done had salt been beaten up with the yam.

§Or *Kwadwo*, *Kwabena*, *Kwaku*, *Yaw*, *Kofi*, *Kwame*, if the hunter happened to be born on a Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday or Saturday, respectively.

Cf. Capt Rattray’s account of a *Wukudae* witnessed by him where the first food placed on the blackened stools was some mashed plantain,—and the remainder was subsequently sprinkled outside for the spirits of the attendants. (*Ashanti*, p.96.)

Next morning the hunter asks his *suman* whether the offering was accepted by his soul. If it was, he obtains the final consent of his *suman* to the killing of an elephant and, as before, is given the most minute instructions concerning it. Without further delay he bathes himself three times in *sasa-duru* and sets off to find the elephant, as he has been told.

## 2. *The Kill.*

When the elephant falls to the shot of the hunter, it trumpets, raising and lowering its trunk. It is asking the hunter who he is and how he had the audacity to shoot at it. The hunter answers most punctiliously giving his own name, his grandfather's name and the name of any near relation of his who may be a hunter. He boasts of the elephants that these relations have killed, and adds that he himself hopes to kill many more. This answer is repeated every time the elephant challenges. In the meantime the hunter waits (praying that the animal will not fall dead on its haunches, as that would be extremely ill-omened) until the struggles cease—he then fires another shot into the elephant (so as to make sure that it is dead) and then hurries off to the nearest stream to fetch water\* as an offering to the *Sasa* of the dead animal. The water is brought with some sand, in the *katae* (the leather shield over the gun-lock). It is poured out at the head of the elephant with the words "Wobre suo ni o" (You are tired, here is a drink).

He then goes to the elephant's tail and catches hold of it with his left hand; in his right hand he carries a knife which he passes between his legs round the back of the right leg, and in this position cuts the tail off. In the same way he removes the tip of the elephant's trunk, except that he places his right foot hard down on the trunk to steady it, holding only the tip in his left hand, but again he is cutting through from behind his right leg. He plugs the hole in the trunk with grass, and passes on to the ear. The ear chosen is the one uppermost as the elephant lies on the ground. He removes it, informing the elephant's *sasa*, as he does so, that he is taking away "the mat," that henceforth it will have no where to sleep, and that as he has done everything under the direction and protection of his *suman* and *Nsāmānfo* it will be powerless to avenge itself on him. The tail and tip of the trunk are then placed in the ear, rolled up, and tied into a bundle.

Having done this the hunter straightens himself and fires several shots, weeping and singing as he does it. The song that

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\*The best way of finding water is to follow the direction in which the elephant's head lies. It is an infallible sign that water lies in the direction indicated.

he sings runs :—

“ Gyakyeamo ammōso ansan  
 agya Anfwere\* mmehwe me ;  
 Anomākore Grasiāmo a otu a  
 ne bowerē mu abogyabum ; me  
 na ankā merēkum akese ŋko-  
 ŋko, “ Otofo Gyane a me ho  
 aberēnnie, Antobori Finam e,  
 mabutu bi o.”

“ Gyakyeamo who does not  
 strike and turn back, Father  
 Anfwere who will not chastise  
 me (listen) ; Grasiāmo, the  
 eagle, who flies (aloft) whose  
 claws strike blood (listen) ; I  
 usually kill the big ones only,  
 I, Otofo Gyane, grow tired  
 but do not eat, I, Antobori  
 Finam, have laid one low.”

In addition to such a song as this, the appropriate one of the four refrains following, is sung :—

Obonini bi ada awia ' or	(A (large) male animal has “ fallen asleep ” in the day-time).
Oboninima bi ada awia or	(A small male animal has “ fallen asleep ” in the day-time).
Kum mmerewa gya mma or	(Kill the old woman and leave the children).
Kum aprokuwa gya nã.	(Kill the children and leave the mother).

A short interval occurs in the singing and lamentations, and the hunter cuts some grass which he ties into a knot, this he pushes under the body of the elephant with the words :—“ Wo sumie ni, mmoa a wonnyã nwui no ani na merēkata yi, se me anase obofobi nam, na okoto aboa bi a, aboa no ntumi ŋhũ no, na waye no bone bi. (This is your pillow, I am covering with it the eyes of live animals, if I or some “ professional hunter ” pursues such a one it will not be able to see him nor harm him).

Finally the hunter puts some gunpowder, bullets, salt, and pepper on a leaf and places it on the animal, climbs up himself and continues his gun-firing, singing, and weeping.† This he does hoping that soon he will hear a clap of thunder, a very good omen, which would send him on his way back to camp with a light heart. If he has to go back without it, it would mean that his elephant is a “ Nyane aka ” (a waker of debts), a troublesome prospect.

\*Note :—“ Anfwere ” is a god (Obosom) “ Gyakyeamo ” is one of his titles. “ Grasiāmo ” is a title for an eagle. “ Otofo Gyane ” and “ Antobori Finam ” are hunting titles in Kwahu.

†Compare this weeping with the case mentioned in *Ashanti*, p 208. “ A hunter when he has shot one of the Sasaboa, will burst into lamentations, as if he had just witnessed the death of someone he loved.”

Sometimes the hunter forgets his way back to camp after so much excitement. If he does, he knows that a vulture will be sent to guide him, he waits until he sees it circling overhead and then sets off in the direction taken by the bird.

He gives an offering of gunpowder, wadding, snuff, or kola-nut to every river or stream crossed, or any lake or pool passed, on the return journey. Apart from this the rules to be obeyed by him are precisely the same as in the case of the lesser sasamoa, that is, the order of procedure leading up to the three-fold bath in sasa-duru is just as before, nor must he talk to any human being until after he has had it.

After the bath the hunter picks up his bundle (the tail, and trunk-tip, tied up in the ear) and make his public entry into the camp. He deposits the bundle in front of his own room, and starts firing his gun, weeping, and singing "εsono mā yεnkɔ fie" (elephant let us go home). Everyone in camp joins in the weeping and singing. While the noise goes on a mixture of water and powdered fried maize is prepared; this is offered to the elephant's sasa, the hunter holding it in his left hand and pouring it over his bundle with the words:—"Aboa εsono makum wo yi, wo nni sasa, nom wobere suo yi gu wo mfefo asasafo so na mā-nyā obi akum no wakyi" (As I have killed you, O Elephant, you no longer have your spirit, you are tired, take this drink, pour it on the colleagues in your spirit company and let me kill some more later on).

Immediately after this camp is struck and everyone sets off for the scene of the kill in order to dismember the body. The carrier with the suman leads the way. They take sand from one of the rivers crossing their path, and, as soon as the dead elephant is reached, build a stand for the suman out of elephant grass, covered over with this sand. The suman stays there until the temporary camp is moved.

As the meat is cut up it is laid out on racks, called "asompa,"\* to dry. The whole business only takes a few days. The last to leave the place is the hunter, he makes an offering of meat, cut up small, which he throws around for the Nsāmānfo (departed spirits) of dead hunters, for the Abosōm (gods) connected with the local rivers, streams, lakes, and trees, and for Nsontena (the white vulture). He sings a special song inviting Nsontena; "Nsontena mā yεnkodi m'ayao, oya yo ε! Anno

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\*Asompa (lit. Elephant bed), is the name for the special rack used in drying elephant meat. The ordinary word for a hunter's drying rack is "apaduo"; (lit. wooden bed) if this is empty he sings to it, "Apadua gyae su, kyena me mā wo adi amono." ("Stop weeping drying rack, to-morrow I will give you fresh (meat) to eat.")

Kwasakyi ε, Amponi a ohon aben, Oya yo ε!" ("Nsontena my attendants, let us eat, greetings! Anno the vulture, Amponi who can carry off ivory, greetings!").\*

Having once left the scene of his kill the hunter does not return to it for a long time, as he knows that the sasa of the dead elephant will haunt the place for many months to come.

The jaw-bone of the elephant he keeps as a trophy for his suman, to which he also presents the tail, and the ear removed in the first instance.

On reaching their old camp the whole company join in the service of thanksgiving, to the suman and the river, at which sheep or fowls and eggs, are offered up, in the same way as was noted in the case of other sasamma, and a full report is made of all that has taken place. In the case of the great sasaboa it is not only the suman and the river that require an account of what has happened, notification† has also to be sent to the head of the hunter's family and the owner of the land on which the animal was killed.

Messengers are therefore despatched at once to the home town of the hunter with instructions to report the occurrence to the head of his family, and through him to the chief on whose stool-land the elephant was killed.

The messengers take with them the elephant's tail (borrowed for the occasion from the suman), parts of the trunk, feet, and intestines, and all the most highly-prized portions of the flesh, the last to be cut into small pieces and distributed to those entitled to a share, namely the chief and sub-chiefs of the town, any Abofo (hunters of the first class) present, and the relatives and friends of the hunter himself. As they enter the town they start firing off guns and singing hunting songs: anyone interested and hearing the noise comes along and listens to the news.

The chief on whose stool-land the elephant was shot receives, as his due, one of the fore-legs and in return sends the hunter a present of money, gunpowder, lead, flint, fowls, eggs, rum or gin, and lastly, but most important of all, a bracelet of Gyane and Bota beads,‡ strung on a kind of fibre called "edow" which is obtained from the young leaves of the Adobe (raphia palm). This

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\*Amponi is a title of the vulture's. "Oya yo ε" does not sound like Twi. I have not been able to find out its meaning, but it is a most friendly and respectful noise, and I have never heard it used save in a context where greetings would be appropriate.

†This report is called "So Asomma" (lit. concerning elephant-striking).

‡"Gyane" are transparent blue beads and "Bota" are rather valuable beads of orange-coloured coral.

is worn by the hunter on the right wrist until after the funeral of the elephant has been completed. The presentation of it is known as the "Abā so kyere\*" custom and is done to protect the hunter from any attack on the part of the elephant's sasa, always a possibility before the funeral. The bracelet is also regarded as an award for valour, as it is exactly the same decoration as that given, in the old days, to generals after a victorious campaign.

### *The Funeral.†*

As soon as his messengers have returned, the hunter waits on his suman and obtains its permission to break up the camp and proceed to his town in order to hold the elephant's funeral. As he enters the town, he and his company sing hunting songs known as Atrimpae (lit. head-splitting), and fire off guns.

Just as no Kwahu hunter would kill an elephant on Thursday even were it to walk into his camp, so he is most particular that the funeral be held on that day for it is regarded as the soul-day of the elephant. It is attended by all the hunters in the neighbourhood. They come at the invitation of the one who shot the elephant and bring with them drummers, singers, and dancers, both male and female.

The first part of the programme consists of a dance depicting a hunter's life in the bush. It begins any time in the afternoon, and continues till dusk, to the accompaniment of singing and drumming. The hunter sings:—

Ɔdomāṅkomā bɔɔ ade. Bɔrebɔre bɔɔ ade, ɔbɔɔ nomā  
kɔre, ɔbɔɔ ɔpasakyie; anomā kɔre daṅ fewie, akrāmpā daṅ  
nyāṅkosoroma.

Aduannafo suman na waye asam, krotwiamo a ɔrebo  
afutubum nanso ɔrefre ɔhonām yie, me ara Sakyi Koabo, kɔ  
ntem bra ntem, Obiri-nyane a meremā amono, nta ɔse Awe

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\*Not to be confused with the "Abasokyere" custom referred to on p. 157 of this Review which is the ceremonial washing of a dead relation indicating that the relations bind themselves (kyere) to stand security for the debts (abaso) of the deceased. Whereas here "Abā so kyere" means literally "to tie on to the branches" and is a figurative expression for the tying of the bracelet on to the hunter's right wrist

†Capt. Rattray has written a description, illustrated with several photographs, of an elephant's funeral custom witnessed by him in Ashanti. (*Religion and Art*, pp. 184 and 185). The reason why it is such a far more elaborate affair in Kwahu is, no doubt, the greater spiritual importance of the animal in this district. It is very significant, for instance, that a hunter may not kill any animal, after shooting an elephant, until the latter's funeral has been celebrated; consequently such a state of affairs as a long delayed elephant funeral is inconceivable in Kwahu, though apparently by no means unknown in Ashanti.

a mma reye no bonniaye. Agya maye bi o, Yensiramo  
maye bi o\*.

(God created the world, the Lord created the world, he created the eagle, he created the vulture; the eagle seeks the protection of the heavens, the vulture of the stars.

The Aduannas' (a tribe) suman is like a guinea-fowl who raises the dust and gets covered in it, yet demands a healthy body, I Sakyi Koabo, quick to go and quick to return, Obiri-nyane who supplies fresh (meat), Awe the father of twins, to whom women show ingratitude. Father I have done something. Yensiramo I have done something).

In the meantime the drums say:—

“Agya Ɔbofo beko, ɔde nām beba

Ɔbommɔfo 'ye ɔbarima;

esono nantiŋ ye den;

Ɔbofo nantiŋ ye den;

Ɔmmā apretwa mu nye den,

Ɔbofo yam' ye ŋwene

Nso esono anim ye ko na.”

[Father hunter will go off and return with meat,

The hunter is a true man;

The elephant is a good walker

(lit. the elephant's heels are strong);

The hunter is a good walker;

May he tie on his powder pouch tightly

(lit. let him deal strongly in his powder pouch).

The hunter is stingy (i.e., does not distribute his meat free),

But (that is because) the elephant is a terror (to face).]

During the dance the hunters wear long shirts of African cloth, dyed a deep brown to look like burnt grass and caught up at the hips with a leather belt. They have caps of the same material, shaped somewhat like a fez, but very soft so that they hang down and flap about with every movement they make.

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\*Ɔdomāŋkomā and Bɔrebɔre are synonyms for the supreme God. Ɔpasakyie and Akrāmpā are synonyms for the vulture. Asam and Krotwiamo are synonyms for the guinea-fowl. Sakyi Koabo, Obiri-nyane, Awe, and Yensiramo are all names for a hunter—just as Thomas Atkins is used in England for private soldiers.

The song quoted by Capt. Rattray (*Religion and Art*, p. 185) for a similar festival has not much in common with the one given here, though the apparently irrelevant fact, that women can be ungrateful, does not escape notice in either. This thought, however, often occurs to the mind of the Twi man; in fact Christaller suggests that their word for ingratitude (bonniayo) is really a contraction of ba a onni ayo (woman who has not gratitude). A passing reference to this trait is therefore not so remarkable as it might appear.

They also carry a cloth bag, hung round their necks, containing wadding, powder and shot, while anything else they need is stowed away in the front of the upper part of their shirts. Grieves (called "Amponkuru") and sandals firmly tied on, complete their outfit.

During the dance the hunters stalk, shoot at, kill, and cut up all sorts of imaginary game. They make drying racks for their meat, they meet with accidents and are sometimes mauled by their prey. The onlookers enter into the spirit of the acting with tremendous enthusiasm. They are moved to laughter and to tears, and are almost as thrilled by the message of the drums and the songs as the hunters themselves. Intermittent firing goes on the whole time, especially if many hunters are present. There are also the usual liberal supplies of rum, gin and palm-wine, available at any funeral and to be had for the asking by anyone taking the trouble to be present.\*

The second stage, in the funeral custom for the elephant, is the bathing in, and drinking of Asonnuru (elephant-medicine). It is of three kinds: the first is used for purposes of washing only, and is simply water containing certain roots and leaves; the second is a drink, it also contains roots, but is largely palm-wine into which the juice of a few herbs has been squeezed. Anyone, even babies may wash in the first, and drink of the second, but the third is the really important one and is reserved for the Abɔfo,† no Obommɔfo may touch it, let alone the common herd.

These medicines are prepared and administered by the head hunter of the town, unless he chooses to delegate the task to one of the Abɔfo present. They are laid out in large calabashes on the elephant's ear. The ear is stretched in front of the talking drums, with the tusks arranged behind it (between it and the drums) and on it the tail and the tip of the trunk.

After the dancing everyone gathers round, eager to get a sprinkling from number 1, and a sip of number 2, for to do this will not only protect them from the sasa of sasammao hunted by them, if they are hunters, but it will make them stronger and bolder, whoever they may be.

Having disposed of the first two medicines, the Abɔfo are given their special drink. They drink it out of a calabash with holes punched in its bottom (only an obɔfo knows the secret of drinking from a sieve, an additional safeguard against the

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\*The dance here described was very similar to the one seen by Capt. Rattray in Ashanti (*Religion and Art*, Cap. XIX), save that his was more specialized, the scenes acted there being solely concerned with elephant hunting, whereas in Kwahu the hunting of any animal is appropriate, where the funeral is that of the chief amongst them.

†See p. 160 of this book.

uninitiated). They drink with the left hand. No one having once drunk of number 3 may ever again eat the flesh of the bush-cow or the ordinary village goat, on pain of going mad.

The third and final stage is the "Etiagyaw" (leaving at the boundary) ceremony, which takes place at dusk.

The whole company adjourns to the outskirts of the town, taking the road leading to the Afram plains, and there bids farewell to the sasa of the dead elephant which has now been duly appeased.

The procession is headed by a band of camp-followers. This group represents the sasa of the dead elephant. They carry the ear, the tip of the trunk, and the tail, also what remains of the three "medicines" used at the ceremony, and any roots and herbs left over from their manufacture. The one responsible for the ear flaps it as he walks in imitation of the animal.

Next come the drummers and singers and as they go they chant the words:—

"Odifie Ya ba, yekra akɔ da  
Yeakɔfa yeɓa, mpremmen  
Yeakɔfa yeɓa, ebokum."

[(Odifie Ya's\* son, our souls have said good-bye.

We have gone, captured, and are returning with, elephant tusks.

We have gone, acquired, and are coming back with, courage to kill (animals).]

The rear is brought up with the hunters, still stalking imaginary game and firing off occasional shots.

The procession halts as soon as the town boundary is reached. Here the advance-guard throw down the ear, the tip of the trunk, the tail and the "medicine" remains, and the hunters fire a volley each man saying, as he pulls his trigger, "Merekum, na merɛfa o" (lit. as I kill, so may I find), being a request that he may kill more elephants in the future, and may find the tusks of dead ones into the bargain.

The funeral is now over, and the hunter who killed the elephant may return to his work with an easy mind, knowing that he has nothing further to fear from the sasa of his victim.

There is an interesting addition to the funeral custom of the elephant, if the one killed is the third that has fallen to the hunter in question. It is called the Asomānātu (digging the elephant hole), and is introduced during the first part of the proceedings as part of the dance. It is an imitation of the elephants, on a hot day, bathing in a pool or stream.

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\*Ya is the name for a female child born on Thursday. Thursday is the soul-day of the elephant, hence the name Odifie Ya for a female elephant, in this case the mother of the one shot.

It starts with a short, semi-religious, ceremony. The head hunter of the town takes a hoe in his left hand and with three strokes cuts a small hole in the ground. He offers up a fowl and kola nuts. The body of the fowl he throws to the hunters gathered round; the head of the fowl and the kola nuts he places in the hole and proceeds to pound with the end of a long heavy stick. In the meantime the hunters tear the body of the fowl to bits each one snatching a portion, for the piece he gets represents the next animal he will kill.

The mimicry then begins, a number of hunters form a circle round the hole, each taking a long stick and joining in the pounding. The wives and daughters of the hunters rush off and fetch pots of water which they pour into the hole. Usually the *sasa* of the elephant enters the pots, the women become possessed, and the hunters, engaged in pounding, get thoroughly drenched, thanks to the frantic attempts of the women to reach the hole with their water.

The pounding is an imitation of the elephants stamping around in the pool before drawing the water into their trunks, for drinking or for washing themselves. They always do this on account of their terror of crabs. They make absolutely certain that none are left alive in the drinking and washing place, as one is sufficient to kill them, by suffocation, if it gets into the end of their trunks.

The hole gets wider and wider and becomes a perfect bog owing to the gallons of water flung in. The hunters looking on, keep firing into the mess, and the hunters pounding get more excited and more violent every minute, until they are splashed from head to foot in mud just like the beasts they represent.

Finally they fling their pestles into the middle of the morass, seize hold of their guns, and join the other hunters in firing, this time at the wooden sticks, until one is cut in two. The moment that happens they stop and every hunter present tries to get a splinter of the broken pestel for his *sumanj*.

They then adjourn to the talking drums, as before to wash themselves in, and drink the three "medicines" prepared by the head hunter, and laid out on the elephant's ear in front of the drums. This time, as it is the third elephant that has fallen to the *Obommofu* holding the funeral, an initiation ceremony takes place. The head hunter tells the *Obommofu* to place his left foot on the tusks of the elephant, he himself takes the elephant's tail, dips the end of it in the first "medicine" (the washing one) and sprinkles the mixture on the young hunter. The young hunter repeats the process for himself. He then takes three drinks of the second "medicine" handed to him in the left hand of the head hunter. After that he is allowed to drink the third "medicine"

out of one of the small calabashes with holes in the bottom. From that moment he is a member of the brotherhood of the Abofo.

There is no alteration in the third (Etiagyaw) part of the ceremony save that the sticks used in pounding the "elephant hole" are also carried to the town boundary.

NOTE.—The funeral custom described in the last six pages, is known in Kwahu, as the Abɔfosie (hunter's burial).\* It is also performed when any hunter dies, be he an ɔbofo, or merely an ɔbɔmmɔfo, by the man's brother hunters, in addition to the ordinary funeral given him by his family. An ɔbɔmmɔfo however, does not have the Asomānātu included in his Abɔfosie.

### *Final Thanksgiving.*

The hunter has now done everything required of him. He is safe from the spirit of the sasaboa that he killed, but before he closes the chapter he always returns special thanks to the god of the River Afram, the guardian ɔbosɔm of Kwahu.

The next time he crosses the river he sings this song:—

"Okwawu asuo Afrante, Nwoŋwāyane, Etwie a yebo ne diŋ amā dwumāde, Kakaa Gyemi a ɔrekɔ aprem ano, wu na wuye aberewa awo du Denkosi-Boafo; wu, na afe du a, yerefrefre wu agya. Agya abɔtow bi o, dase-a-ensā."

(The long Afram the river of Kwahu, the Wonderful One, "The Leopard" whose name we mention and to whom we have given the fruits of our labours. Thou Denkosi-Boafo, art an old woman and hast born ten (children); thee, on the turn of the year, we call father. Father has laid one low, everlasting thanks).

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\*I am in some doubt as to whether this word should not be written Abɔfosie in which case it would mean "the burial of an animal's carcass." Both words would be high-toned on the second syllable and the distinction is therefore hard to catch. My informant favoured "the hunter's funeral" theory but as the term is used as a name, he was not concerned about its derivation.

\*Nwoŋwāyane (the Wonderful One). Etwie (the leopard), Kakaa Gyemi, and Denkosi-Boafo are all names given to the River Afram.

## A COASTING VOYAGE FROM SEKONDI TO MARSEILLES.

BY MRS. A. DUNCAN JOHNSTONE.—(*Concluded.*)

Sunday, to-day. Oh joyful news, we are to leave at mid-day, thank God. They have decided that they can't save anything more. The poor wretched boys have been working in the holds up to their armpits in the most frightful stinking water. They are all feeling ill and it has affected their eyes and they can hardly see. We go back to Nana Kroo, pick up some more stuff there, and then back further down the coast to a place called Cess Town, and then we turn our noses homeward once again, having had a great deal more than we bargained for when we came on this trip. The boys have just come on board, poor devils, they do look ill and the German sailors who have been there all the time look awful. It sounds amazing to think we have been nearly a fortnight on board and in the ordinary course of events, had we taken an E.D. boat, we should be nearly home and as it is we haven't reached Monrovia yet.

Tuesday: We have been a fortnight on board. It seems unbelievable and we are only two hundred miles from Sekondi, and thousands of miles to go before we get home, so Heaven alone knows when we shall get there. It has been awfully interesting, bar those few days when we couldn't get ashore off the wreck and the awful smell. That smell will live with us always, I think. Ugh! But of the smell I think I have said enough. But only 200 miles.

Yesterday we had a topping day. We had moved off, thanks be to Heaven, on Sunday night from the wreck, the rest of the stuff being impossible to save without a salvage ship, the boys working in frightful

bilge water up to their armpits. We anchored in the early hours off a place called Cess Town about 15 miles down the Coast. We should have gone to these places on our way up but instead went straight to the wreck. From the ship the place looked very attractive, a beautiful little bay with open country behind and clumps of palm trees. The bay protected by sullen looking grey rocks. For quite a long way out at sea the waves broke over odd rocks, so navigating a ship must be very tricky round here. We left the ship soon after 9, calling first at an E.D. boat called the "Bathurst," taking Mr. Morris on board for his return to Cape Palmas. As we came nearer the shore we saw an enormous number of people dancing and singing. The "Bathurst" was collecting Kroo boys and their families were bidding them farewell. The water was alive with people swimming about and fooling and playing, men, women and children. As soon as we arrived there was a frightful yell and every man, woman and child surrounded us, yelling, shouting and laughing. They surrounded me and literally pulled me up the beach, pulling at my hand and pushing each other to get nearer to shake hands. I at last managed to push my way to a little air and then discovered that the reason of this extraordinary excitement was because they had never seen a white woman before!! I was a tremendous success! They all kept on running their fingers up my arms, pulling at my clothes, and then I lifted up my helmet as I was hot. No sooner had I done this than there was a frightful yell, and they all started pulling at my helmet to make me take it off again. It was my hair! They were most frightfully intrigued by it and if I had kept my helmet off all the time I don't think I could have given them greater pleasure. It was most awfully amusing and I was immensely amused by it. My advent entirely eclipsed the farewell to the Kroo boys who were leaving. We pushed our way through the crowd and walked towards the town followed by a huge crowd, shouting and dancing and calling to their friends to come and see the unusual sight—which was me. The town, if it can be called such, was a very scattered affair and very poor at that,

the houses being made of the plaited palm, but without the platforms. There were one or two slightly bigger buildings but all very scattered. We didn't go very far as it started to rain so we turned back. We had seen on our walk a small stocky pony in quite good condition, tied to a tree, and we found out that it belonged to one of the Catholic Fathers, who have a Mission Station there. We didn't see him as he had gone away for the day. There are a great number of Catholic Missions here, all run by the Irish Fathers. Most of the other Missions are American.

We came back and sat under a small shed and watched the people on the beach, surrounded by an admiring crowd. The people were most interesting, all of them were in and out of the water like ducks. The women are all very stocky and small but most amazingly full of life, and the joy of life too. They rushed about chasing each other in the sand, seizing each other, rushing down and plunging into the water. They had tremendous horse play with the men too and it was all most amusing. A large number were dancing and every now and then rushed into the water with a great yell. They really seemed enjoying life more than any other women I have ever seen anywhere on the Coast. Entirely different from the people in Cape Palmas, who were too depressed for words. The children were lively little beggars, clothless and in the water all the time. The women in this part of the world carry their babies on their backs in quaint little wicker baskets, with a seat with two straps over their shoulder, going under their armpits, far better than a cloth, the piccins look far more comfortable. They look so quaint going out to the boats with a load of pissava on their heads and the babies tied on to their backs, the water right up to their waists and often over. There was a great dearth of young men, all of them having gone off to work on the ships. There were one or two very pretty kids, and some of the young girls too weren't bad looking, but on the whole they were an ugly lot. It was an ideal spot, the surf being quite calm with a small river running out into the bay and great grey rocks. The piccins, with their shining wet bodies, looking ripping lying on them. It was a topping morning and

we enjoyed every minute of it. We moved off in the evening and anchored some time in the early hours of the morning amid great rattling of chains off Grand Cess. It is always slightly disturbing to one's slumbers when this happens. We woke up in the morning to see a pretty rocky coast with long stretches of sand and palm trees. The coast along here is most awfully pretty, very like a story-book Africa, if you understand what I mean. There was a very heavy swell and the boats alongside were dancing up and down. We decided, however, to go ashore. So, soon after breakfast, we got into the Mammy Chair and were dumped into one of the boats. It was the nastiest getting off we have had. We were anchored a long way off the shore and for some way we had only the boys to row us, as the launch hadn't returned from the shore. There was some swell and we went up and down and wobbled about, a rather unhappy trip as far as I was concerned. The launch picked us up and we dashed away, the progress being faster but oh dear! very, very up and down, mountains of sea seemed to be coming at us. There was a river which ran out into the sea before we turned into the little bay to land and you could see the line of absolutely different coloured water. The boys in the boat told us that it was a very bad spot indeed for sharks. I can't say that it cheered me up very much. The entrance to the beach was through a very narrow neck, between two lots of the big grey rocks, most awfully difficult to manipulate and frightfully rough. I must candidly say my heart was in my mouth as we went in, and I was truly thankful when I was picked up and put on shore. The name of the place was Grand Cess, a big place with several Europeans, a pretty awful place to live in I should think. I was again rather an object of interest, as very few white women go there. There are two separate parts to the town, the commercial and the native part. They are about a mile apart; the commercial town is dotted about all over the place, the houses set down anywhere and covering a large piece of land. No attempt at a road or town planning! The firms' bungalows were big four-storied places; the native houses built either of corrugated iron or palm matting. We walked up to the top of

the hill, the whole place is built on a small hill, and when we got to the top, down below, on the other side, was a large lagoon. The natives were more or less of an exceedingly rough and bush type. The same stocky women, many of them poorly clad. A Customs Official, with whom Angus had a long conversation, said that the women have to work most frightfully hard and do everything, as the men are either away fishing, or up and down the Coast in the ships. Some of the women were carrying huge sacks of kernels. The Customs man was nice looking and a very well-spoken man, neatly turned out, but he had been for years in the Gold Coast Police, so that explained a lot. He asked Angus if he knew Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ and Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, the man who always tapped his teeth with his fingers when he talked. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile away was the Catholic Father's bungalow and as we thought we might get a lot of information from them, we walked along there, with a large gathering following us. There was one adorable small girl, about three years old, who came with us and just for fun Angus gave her his shooting stick to hold. She at once put it on her small woolly head and strutted off at a great pace with her many anklets jingling as she marched along: oh! if only the camera hadn't been broken.

On arriving at the bungalow we found that the Fathers had all gone to Cess Town for a Conference, but one of the Preachers came out and talked to us. We wandered down to the beach and were much amused to see two large school boys having a perfectly good fight. One master tried to stop it but got punched in the face for his trouble, anyway our friend succeeded in stopping it.

Anywhere and everywhere one saw large grave stones stuck up, they seem to bury people anywhere. We then walked on into the native village. It is a very large one, the largest we have seen. It is curious, but when I go into these native villages, I have a queer feeling that it isn't real, that it is some side-show at an Exhibition, and this time it was accentuated by the fact that up the path we went you passed through a sort of turn-stile, this is put to prevent the minute cattle from

getting into the village. The village was really quite clean, entirely composed of houses made of palm mats with banana and palm roofs, built very close together. We walked through it for a long time, the place was full of women and very few men, those we saw were mostly oldish. The women on the whole were intensely ugly, very black with black marks running from the top of their foreheads to the tip of their noses. They were all very anxious to shake hands and seized my hand in their hard horny ones and ran their fingers up and down my arm, making sort of clucking noises. Many had never seen a white woman before. It's rather fun to feel you are the first one. We passed one rather better looking house, the matting was whitewashed half way up and plastered with mud as well, and we went inside. It happened to be the home of our guide, the school master. It was most interesting. The floor was hard, almost as if it had been made of cement of a grey colour; in one corner was a bed, and rather to one side was a huge open fire-place. About three feet up was an open grid of about 7 ft. square, on which were fish being smoked; over this was a huge great locked bin in which the rice, which seems to be their staple food, was put to dry. The rafters were blackened with smoke, they looked like polished ebony. The entire walls were covered with white enamel basins! Every available spot had these basins hanging up, with the underneath part uppermost. Also several enamel pails. This it seems is the form of decoration gone in for in this part of the world! In some one only saw one, two or more, but I gather our friend must be a wealthy gentleman, as the entire walls were covered with these.

We were then taken to the Chief's house, which was the quaintest building, right in the middle of the village. It was built of wood and iron, with a big verandah running the whole length of the second story, the walls of which were covered with enlarged photographs of many families. Lamps were hung from the ceiling and many jimcrack ornaments were everywhere. There was a third story, with a large attic window with glass in it, in which was a ship's lamp and two completely dead palms on either side. The whole building was painted

green. The arrangement of water butts was quite good, made out of tubs with bamboo guttering and a large flag pole. The Chief was an elderly man with quite nice features, the Kroo mark running straight down from the top of his head to the tip of his nose. He was dressed in a large pair of blue baggy trousers. His house was the only one in the whole village which was not of palm sticks. We left him after much "God blessing" for the dash we gave him and continued our wander round the village. Really I think it deserves the name of town as it was so big. Back to the Mission, where we parted with our guide, and along a sandy track to the commercial town. We passed many odd little huts where the people all came out shouting and laughing and thrusting the piccins into our arms. When we got back to the beach, it was awfully hot and as I saw a nice shady house, I went up and asked if I could sit on the verandah. The lower part was built of swish and the upper part of palm mats with a very thick thatch. A large, self-satisfied gentleman seemed to be in possession, whom after a few moments we found out to be the local D.C. On hearing Angus was in the same walk of life he shook him heartily by the hand. He was about to start off on trek for a month or so, and after we had been there for some time the soldiers who were to accompany him arrived. They were dressed in old khaki shirts and trousers with odd caps, one of red and one of khaki, and over their shoulders were some antiquated looking rifles. They immediately demanded chairs and sat at ease on the verandah. Our friend then left us to see to his final arrangements after introducing us to a man from Accra, who was working on his house. A very decent man, who had been in the Government service as a clerk in Nigeria and was now on pension. He was travelling about the Coast to see something of it. We watched the women for a long time loading up, and the children were bringing great bundles of piassava. We had watched a huge fat old lady in the native village preparing some piassava; it is made of the palm stems, the thick end which joins the tree; it is soaked in the lagoons for about two to three weeks and then pulled by the women and children into thin strips, dried and made

into small bundles, which are collected and made into big bundles. Forty of them go to a ton. Angus had a long talk with the Customs Controller, who was very interesting, about the country. He told Angus that the D.C. received £200 a year. So I am inclined to think, judging by the house he was building for himself, that fines did not always go to the right place. He also said that it was dreadful the way the money was mishandled in this country, enormous amounts sticking to the palms of those it shouldn't. He said there is quite a lot of wealth in the country but the misusage was so terribly bad. He told us that during the month of October, at his small Custom House, he had taken £820. He was a very decent soul and so different looking from the other people. We didn't get off till nearly two, as there was a sort of gap for a time in the boats. So we were very hungry when we got back. Another very interesting morning. Thank Heaven the surf was good. I couldn't have borne another morning like yesterday's. There is one priceless thing I have forgotten to tell you. In the middle of the native village we saw a large tombstone put up to a Captain worded like this—"To the memory of our gallant Captain.....who died on the battle front in the great War June 1916." We were naturally very intrigued by this and thought we had hit on something really rather fine, only to find "the great war" had been a war of one day between the people of the village and some other town a few miles away! A great war!! Most of the places we have landed at have been the scene of "wars", they seem to be in a perpetual state of petty scraps. The Kroo people rising against the Liberian. The Kroo people told us in one village that the soldiers were no good, that they humbugged and beat them all the time and just took what they wanted.

*Wednesday*: We arrived again in the early hours at a place called Sinoe. From the ship we only saw a few houses on the beach and it looked a very tiny place, but we decided to land all the same. The surf was very good and it was very easy to get away. We landed with the Doctor soon after breakfast. We went up to the bar where the river ran out into the sea and then instead of landing on the beach we took a wide sweep round and

went for some distance up the river to the other side of the town. It really was lovely, more than ever were we most awfully sorry that the camera was broken. The water was a beautiful blue green with strips of yellow sand, with lovely green trees and palms coming down to the water's edge. Great pieces of smooth grey rock, covered with grey moss and tiny bits of grass in tiny holes. We went up for about a mile or so to find a really busy scene on a small quay. Crowds of boats and canoes, piassava piled high, natives of all kinds shouting at each other, many ladies waiting to come on board, dressed in their best, waiting patiently by their queer collection of goods and chattels, their babies on their backs. An enormous amount of people frightfully busy doing nothing and making a huge noise about it and the very harassed agent checking the stuff as it was piled into the boats. Unfortunately for him there was an incoming and outgoing steamer on the same day, a sister ship of this called the "Ivo". The colour, smell and noise of it all was very intriguing. There was a small hand winch being worked that groaned as it cleared the bags and bundles into the boats.

On landing one understood why we had seen so little from the ship, as all the town is hidden from the sea up the river. It was by far and away the most attractive landing we have seen. The Doctor landed with us and after talking to the agents and the 1st officer for a bit we wended our way into the town. Another one of those "civilised Liberian" towns. Of roads there were nil, one ploughed through sand ankle deep. There was an attempt at the houses being in a straight line, but very little attempt at gardens as there was in Cape Palmas. We came upon an exceedingly tumbled down, unpainted and dilapidated building, which seemed to be a place of some importance and we discovered it to be the Post Office. One hard push and the whole building would have been over. The houses on the whole were better than Cape Palmas, but every one certainly had not been painted for years which gives the place a terribly shoddy look. We walked along for some time, met one of the sailors returning to the ship with four monkeys clinging all over him, by now

we must have over 30 monkeys on board! One or two of the houses were slightly better towards the end of the town, but the extraordinary feeling of gloom in these "civilised" towns is amazing. The people seem to sit about doing nothing, the men especially, great big fat ones leaning over the verandahs. There were many bush men all over the place who seemed to be the only ones who had anything whatsoever to do. The women weren't bad looking, some of them, but what travesties in their European clothes, quite pathetic. We went out of the town across a swamp where they had made a small causeway and walked down rather a pretty path. Then we cut away inland after having filled my bag with limes, which we saw on the ground. When picking them up we were rather afraid that we might be arrested for theft. We went through a small native village with a vast amount of washing hung up and then struck another road into the town. It was rather pretty through sort of open country with bracken. We wandered on for a bit and came to a small house built of matting off the ground, with two rooms, a passage in between and a verandah all round. There was a small old lady doing her hair in the verandah and I asked if I could go inside as my shoes were full of sand. So we sat down and talked to her for a bit. A nice quaint old thing with a very high pitched voice with the broadest American accent. It's most quaint how all the "civilised" Liberians have the strongest American accents. The ugly nasal twang is very strong all the women have frightfully high pitched, very ugly voices. Our old friend asked me if I would like to see over the house so I went. In a way it was rather pathetic, the sitting room had two chairs in it and a small table. The walls were covered with newspaper pictures, mostly German. The kitchen, at the back, had a few plates and saucepans in it and a small home-made cupboard, that was all; all very clean. I did not see the bedroom, that was an attic upstairs. There was a small cow tethered, grazing by the house. Our friend was dressed in a dark blue print dress and her hair was tied up with cotton into about twenty spikes. We gathered a lot of limes which had fallen in the back-yard. Then we left, having to retrace our steps for a short distance as

otherwise we should have had to cross a river. Coming back into the town we passed a house with some oranges and so we went up and asked if they would sell some, which they did. The people also tried to persuade us to buy a monkey for which they asked £1. Our sailor-man in the morning told us he had paid 3/- for his, so nothing doing. The lady of the house was rather nice-looking, dressed in an old fashioned pink print dress, with a panama perched high on her head and a huge pair of brown boots. The house seemed to contain innumerable children, an old woman and one large fat man in shirt sleeves, who just managed to get enough energy up to heave himself down the steps to try and sell us the monkey. The garden was full of pigs of all sizes, chickens and monkeys, who were most friendly. During our wanderings we had seen a large amount of coffee. It is of course one of the principal products of Liberia, even in many gardens there were lots of bushes. They gather it in January. The mango trees here are the finest I have ever seen, great high trees with very thick trunks, they are really very fine. We then returned quaywards, but on the way the Doctor called at the house of a Mr. Thomas, whose wife he had had as a patient on the outward voyage. It was an infinitely nicer house and better built than any we had seen. We went in with him and whilst he was upstairs (Mr. Thomas also being sick), we were asked by one of the many occupants to come into the sitting-room. It was a quaint sight, very clean, with lace window curtains with majenta bows and pink blinds. All the chairs with muslin antimacassars with majenta satin bows. A large round table and sideboard covered in glasses and large china cats. A great many pictures on the walls, most of them German and out of newspapers and magazines. A large harmonium and many jim-crack ornaments, so very like the sitting-room of a country labourer at home. Rather different to my old lady friend.

Down at the quay, where we had to wait some time, we saw a white woman sitting on the verandah of the Woerman Store. A dreadful looking place, the Agent told me that the firm couldn't afford to build them new buildings, so many of them have to put up with awful

places. Down on the quay (it sounds so grand to say that) we met some passengers from the other ship, a Mr. and Mrs. Woermann, travelling to the Cameroons, where he was going to run some plantations. A very pleasant couple. With them was also a rather nondescript young man and a spectacled young doctor. We were all put into a very large shore boat piled with piassava. I went first as in spite of the quay we had to be carried into the boat and as both Mr. and Mrs. Woermann were much on the large size it was rather amusing watching them. We went first to the "Ivo" and then on to our ship, to food and sleep. We pushed off after the evening meal, whilst Angus and I and the Doctor played Mahjong. I taught him one night, when Angus had a headache, and he has picked it up awfully quickly. So now we generally play in the evenings, if Angus and he don't play chess. Thursday we went to River Cess, only a small place with a few scattered sheds. We didn't land, as it was frightfully hot and there was nothing interesting to see in the place, so we had a lazy day which seemed to pass in the most amazing way. One spends a vast amount of time looking through the glasses at the view and at the boats working. I spent a great part of the time writing up this letter. High tea gong. A demain.

Again we moved off at night and dropped anchor in the early hours, our port this time was a place called Grand Bassa, one of the bigger places. The surf was very good and no bar to go across and a lovely beach. The surf was so good that all along the beach small boats were at anchor, which is a thing you hardly ever see. We landed very early. The beach was full of people and bundles of piassava. There were several white men working. There were one or two sheds and one big corrugated iron one which was the "city" market. We first of all went there, but found nothing interesting and pushed off into the town, going first to Woodin's Agent, as we had a message for him from Mr. Morris. He was very nice and asked us back for a drink after we have been round the town. The town started in the usual way, with the straggling hen houses, a few better houses than usual, and some of the firms had quite decent bungalows, E.D. having a quite decent

place. No attempt at a road, just the usual grass-grown sandy track. The town stretched far back into the bush and looked really rather pretty and as we hadn't had a really long walk for months we decided to stretch our legs and see as much as we could. We went along by the shore for a little and were most awfully surprised to see about 5 or 6 ponies, one or two weren't bad looking animals. Some of the houses had really very pretty gardens and looked more cared for than any other place we had been to. We wandered along until suddenly we caught sight of several soldiers and walking a little further we came to a sort of barracks, a small group of mud huts with grass roofs, one or two larger ones and one tent. To our great surprise we saw a white man busily packing up. Some of the troops were dressed in shoddy khaki shorts and tunics and some in bright red shirts and blue shorts, and a fez with a blue tassel. They didn't look so bad and were more neatly dressed. The drill of the khaki gentlemen was simply appalling. When an order was given to "right turn" out of about twenty men I should say five or six turned the right way, the remainder turning in circles. We watched them for some time and as they were packing up we rather gathered that they were coming on board so we guessed we should have some amusement. We both longed to know too what the white man was doing there. After watching them for some time we pushed off to see more of the place and it really was pretty. There were great open bits of ground, with short grass and stumps of bushes, and houses dotted about all over the place, looking rather like large commons at home. There were lots of wild flowers, pretty mauve flowers like dahlias, and lovely purple, mauve and pale yellow convolvulus, and a lot of bright yellow and blue flowers low down in the grass. It was the first place on the coast that I have ever seen so many flowers. Some of the houses were far better built than any we had seen before and one or two were wonderful erections. One huge one of five stories, built, after the first two floors, of cement, of corrugated iron, with glass windows and on the top an octagonal room. The place looked more like a Chinese pagoda than anything else. The country looked to be quite open for some way back, just grass

country. Everywhere there were little streams of very clear water, over which we had to jump. Nowhere, except at one place, was there any attempt at roads and the houses were put down anywhere. In most of the other places this looked frightfully untidy but here, in Grand Bassa, it looked really rather attractive. We wandered back to the town and as we passed one small house, a very tidy and neatly dressed lady asked me if I would "care to step in and take a few flowers" with me. A nice old soul, most talkative and in five minutes had tried her utmost to learn all our private history. But she wasn't so aggressive as they usually are. After about ten minutes we left her with a lovely bunch of roses and walked back along the main street. We noticed a white woman in one of the bungalows and we heard later that there were two there, one French and one German. Pretty mouldy life for them I should think. I can't imagine anything more tiresome than having to deal with a house full of Liberian boys. The whole of Grand Bassa gave one quite a different feeling to the other place we had been to, the people seemed more alive, the place was prettier and there wasn't that heavy feeling of gloom we had noticed so much in other places. We drifted back to Woodin's and the Agent very kindly asked us to stay to lunch. We went up to his quarters over the store and found a simply spotlessly clean house, everything shining, I have very rarely seen a cleaner house belonging to a bachelor, the absolute opposite to the Agent at Grand Lahou. The Captain of a Dutch ship was there also, a very nice man indeed, who spoke English very well, but with a funny thick accent. We had a beautifully served and most excellent lunch. The Dutch Captain was most anxious for us to go and do the rest of the trip in his ship, we liked him very much. After lunch I went down into the yard and watched the packing of the pissava. The Agent told me that it contains some sort of explosive and therefore during the War was in tremendous demand fetching as much as £80 a ton, the price now being more like £20/£30. Little does one think when one sees a maid brushing the stairs with a hard broom that in the bristles of the brush are hidden explosives! We pushed off back to the boat about 3 o'clock with the Dutch

Captain, going to his ship first. He had an Agent going out with him, a frightfully ill-looking man who had been out four years and was not going home till next March! They say that he dreads the sea passage so much that he will do anything not to go.

The beach when we left was a seething mass of natives, many of whom were to be deck passengers. I hoped fervently that they were not for our ship, but my hopes were soon shattered, as on returning on board we found it a mass of every kind of native, they were everywhere, dozens of children, our soldiers and officers of the morning; the decks were full up fore and aft with huge barrels of oil and on these the poor wee babies had to live and on the hatches smelling of rubber and kernels. There were about ten goats and crates and baskets of miserable chickens everywhere. But we didn't object to the poor wretched deck passengers as much as to the 1st Class ones. A more loathly lot you can't imagine. They do funny things in this ship, as although there was only room, at the most, for four 1st Class passengers, they took dozens of them and they were sprawling about all over the place. The saloon was full to bursting point with them drinking and shouting at each other. Round the pantry, which is also a bar, the pushing and shouting was awful. As well as the passengers there were always dozens of friends who had come to see them off. With the army were several officers, the essence of concentrated swank. They had wonderful gadgets on their shoulders, with innumerable gold bars, which at least qualified them for Admirals or Generals; with them also was the white man we had noticed, and after a time Angus got into conversation with him and found out that he was an American, who had come out on a job of Boundary Commissioner, but that in spite of having been out two years he had never done any boundary work, but had built a light-house, made roads, and was at present busy laying the telephone from Monrovia to Grand Bassa. He was an extraordinary young man and said that he would work for the Devil, if he paid him enough; he said of course he had to eat dirt time after time, but he didn't care as long as he was paid. He told us he had to dress his men differently to the soldiers, as

the natives were so up against the soldiers. He told us that things are getting quite busy with the idea of the Firestone Company in America, which is backed by Ford and Coolidge. The idea is to turn Liberia into a huge rubber producing country, to build harbours, to plant 2,000 good and true American citizens into the country to run the buildings and the plantations. We hear the price is a loan to Liberia of 5,000,000 dollars. There will be old Harry in Liberia with 2,000 Yanks there. If you touch a native there you are fined 50 dollars, I can't see those Yanks keeping their fists out of their faces, the country would make thousands out of fines alone, never mind the rubber and harbours.

All the time we were waiting after we had got on board the noise was insufferable, I retired to my cabin and lay down and Angus sat on the sofa, suddenly in walked a man, pushing aside the curtain and said to Angus, mind you he was in the cabin, never knocking or asking to come in, "lend me your glasses again, there's something I want to see". He had already asked for them and Angus had lent them. We were both so speechless that neither of us could think of anything cutting to say, if we had it would have been lost. All Angus could splutter out was "Get out, don't you see my wife is lying down". Exit. Angus was dancing with rage and a few minutes after the noise in the saloon was the limit, some one very tight was making a speech amid yells and shouts from his fellow officers. We got furious and at last Angus stumped up to the Captain and said he must do something about it as the place was becoming a bear garden. So down the Captain came and turned them all away and peace was restored. Several people had come on board to see the Doctor and as his cabin was opposite ours, it was hopeless. The women seemed to think that we were a sort of side show for the children and they all kept on coming and looking into our cabin. At last we moved off thankfully, but you never saw such a sight as the ship was at night, people everywhere. In the other cabin like ours were 15 women and children!! On the floor, on the beds, on the sofa, I never saw such a sight. On the upper deck they were in chairs and lying about on the deck in bunches, and these were all 1st class

passengers! The deck passengers could hardly move. It was like an emigrant ship. The women were all most frightfully inquisitive and ask one who one is, where you are going, where you came from, what your job is, etc. Several of them asked me if we were missionaries! Most upsetting. That night we moved off and arrived off Monrovia, dropped anchor about 10 p.m. and woke up to find ourselves off the capital of Liberia. From the boat it looks very pretty, with green hills and a river running out and many quite decent looking houses, as well as many hen coops. I was most anxious to land, but the Captain said we had only to get rid of our human cargo and that there wouldn't be time. I was sorry, as I very much wanted to see the place. Amid a great deal of noise we gladly got rid of our unwelcome guests. I crossed swords well and truly with one officer and gentleman before they left, and I think I came off rather better than he did.

From Monrovia we turned south again. Liberians in the big towns are so pure and holy that they are unable to work on a Sunday, even to unloading passengers! So we had to go there first and go back to a place called Junk where they are not so filled with "thou shalt not work on the Sabbath." The coast is very attractive all the way down to Junk, with great huge clumps of palms and hills. We arrived at Junk in the morning and they started working but we didn't go ashore, meaning to go the next morning as there was a good deal of cargo. Just as we had got into bed there was a great commotion and Angus jumped up to see what it was, and then called me to come and look. A rowing and sailing boat had arrived from Grand Bassa with about 40 people in it, they were on their way to Monrovia. Several of them had missed the boat at Grand Bassa and had come up and had got to Junk by 10.30 and after getting rid of the passengers proceeded on their way and sailed off into the darkness of the night. It would take them about 14 hours to get to Monrovia. The Dutch boat was also at Junk and on Sunday morning Angus had a letter from the Captain sending him some papers he had promised him and mentioning in his letter that he was going straight to Sierra Leone as his launch had broken down. Then Angus

had a brain wave and suggested that we should leave the "Irmgard" and go to Sierra Leone in the "Hilder," the Dutch boat, and pick up the "Irmgard," when she came to Sierra Leone, she was to call at three more ports after Junk. Angus wrote over to the Captain and asked him if he could take us and he wrote back delighted. So we hastily packed some clothes and got into the Mammy chair and went over to the *Hilder*. Soon after we left the *Irmgard* steamed away. We didn't leave till some time after. The *Hilder* was a much bigger ship, with accommodation for about eight passengers, there were five besides ourselves. A very nice married Dutch couple, two young Dutch assistants, and a young assistant from the U.T.C. at Accra, who had also been to Kumasi. We had a very nice comfy cabin, very much the same size as ours in the *Irmgard*. We had lunch soon after we got on board, a most excellent meal. The Captain was a most pleasant person, very pleased we had come on board and most anxious to know how his ship compared with the *Irmgard*. The First Officer and Chief Engineer were both exceedingly nice, the First Officer had the bluest eyes I have ever seen, absolutely sky blue. We spent our day in the same way with sleeping, reading and talking, but it was exceedingly pleasant to talk to someone new. We had the most excellent dinner, as good as on a first class boat far, far better than on the *Irmgard*. The whole atmosphere of the Dutch boat was much more peaceful than the *Irmgard* they seemed to have far more control over the boys, far less noise, the officers were of a better type and far cleaner. She was also a faster boat. This old boat is a slow old tug. In fact, if we ever do this trip again, I think we will choose a Dutch boat, they are much cheaper too, costing only £32 from Secondee to Amsterdam. We arrived in Freetown about 4 p.m. having wirelessly——at Sierra Leone. All the kroo boys leave and it was very amusing watching them dressing themselves up, some of them appearing in shirts with stiff cuffs and brown suits and Homburg hats, frightful dogs, and only a few hours before you wouldn't have given a cent for their kit.——sent a note on board by the visiting M.O. saying he was up at the Garrison Club and would we come there. So after bidding farewell

to our friends of a few hours we landed and went up to the club, where we found—————just the same as ever, full of buck and beans, not caring in the least what he said. The Garrison Club was very nice with a cheery lot of people there. From there we went to Hill Station Club and met more people, the—————amongst them who when they saw us nearly collapsed. Then on to—————'s house. He really had been a brick. as he already had a man and his wife staying with him, the manager of the B.B.W.A. He had been frightfully ill with shingles and was being driven mad by the noise down in the town, so—————had taken both his wife and himself up to his house in Hill Station.—————had given up his room to us and had retired to a huge attic he has on the top of his house. The first evening we didn't do anything, but just sat and talked hard. We were enchanted with the view from the Hill Station, it really is too beautiful, there is nothing anywhere I have seen on the coast to touch it, and at night when all the bungalows are lit up it really is too attractive. We arrived on the Monday afternoon, fully expecting to leave on Wednesday evening, as the Captain said the latest he could be in was Wednesday afternoon. So on Tuesday we were very busy buying books, stores and all sorts of things, and also getting our passports renewed, a *visa* for the Islands, altogether a most expensive job. I was most intrigued with Freetown. It seems so much better laid out than any Gold Coast town, the shops are far better in every way. The people too are so different, the women in their hideous Mother Hubbard dresses, which really are too frightful. The town seems tremendously alive, so much bustle and so many different kinds of people. We were immensely impressed with it. There is a funny little narrow-gauged railway running up through the town and up to the Hill Station. The motor road up is really a splendid piece of work and the higher you get the more beautiful the view. What a difference a wonderful view like that makes to one's existence in a place, there is always something to look at, an ever changing panorama of beauty.—————has his office in a very old building down by the beach, where he always gets a sea breeze. Home for lunch and as we got to the top

of the Hill we saw over a hundred small sailing boats going across the bay, looking like great white butterflies on a deep blue sea. Lovely. They were all the people returning to their homes from the market. Their place of departure was just below and the mass of colour they made standing on the sand to get into their boats was beautiful. I wish one could have a camera that would take coloured photos. There was to have been a tennis tournament in the afternoon and I was going to play in it at the Garrison Club, but in the early hours of the morning a poor young officer died and so the tournament, and also an Armistice dance which was to have been there, was put off. Such frightful hard lines, the officer who died was to have gone home the next day in the *Abinsi*.

In the evening we went to dine at the Government House, just ourselves,——— and another man called——— a great friend of His Excellency and Lady Slater's. We had a most enjoyable evening, at least I did, as we played mahjong with His Excellency and Lady Slater and———. Angus didn't play but was entertained by——— who was frightfully tired as he was organising a show for the next evening, the 11th, when there was to be a big crowd of ex-soldiers and wives present.

*Wednesday morning*: (Armistice Day). We first went to the Agents of the Woermann Line for news of the *Irmgard*, but none had been received, so we saw another day ashore, which we welcomed as it was topping to be on shore after three weeks at sea. After our satisfactory interview we went to———'s office, to find him clad in his glad rags, and we went to the Cathedral to a service there. It was a very nice service, it's really quite a fine place, the Cathedral, and they have a very good organ which was played by one of the officers and also there was a band and as all the hymns were well known, the singing was loud and lusty. After the service we went to the Club to drink. Home, much sleep, and then the Club at Hill Station. Got back just in time before the most frightful tornado, it really was tragic as the entertainment that night was to have been out in the garden and it had been most beautifully

arranged with lights by the engineers. A stage had been put up and great arc lights were to have flooded it with lights and everywhere were coloured lights. It was the most hopeless downpour, with a terrific wind which howled round the house. About 8.30 it got better and wrapped in many coats we left for Government House. It's six miles from————'s house to the town. Poor Lady Slater must have had a dreadful time rearranging the whole of her plans. People must have worked like Trojans. The show of course had to be inside and it was wonderful how they had got all the chairs in so that people could see. There were over 250 people. In the front seats were the men from the Garrison and the other people were pushed anywhere they could find space for them. The show was divided into two parts, the first part a pierrot entertainment and the second half a concert. There were nine in the troop and they gave a simply topping show. It was all songs and quartettes with the exception of one dance.————had written all the words to the Gilbert and Sullivan tunes, they were exceedingly funny and very clever. Each one was about different Departments like the Railway, the Political, the Medical, the Garrison etc. I certainly haven't laughed so much since I came out to the Coast as I did, it was really intensely funny. They had a priceless quartette which consisted of the Bishop, Mrs. Bishop a tiny little woman of the Wesleyan Mission and a pallid faced schoolmaster with huge glasses. Although not in pierrot kit, they gave one priceless turn about the Garrison, sung to the tune of "Sweet and Low". They were called the quartette from the "Kissey Night Club". This is, or was for a time, a great joke in Freetown, some one having in jest spoken about a night club in Kissey, and the story grew and grew until it was just going to be put in Orders that it was out of bounds for the troops! It was a sporting effort of the Bishop's I think to call themselves that. They were a huge success.

Sir Ransford was most awfully nice to me and made me come and sit next to him, as Lady Slater was busy looking after food and late arrivals, etc. The words of the show are going to be typed and sold at £1 1 0 for Poppy Day Fund, they really were awfully good.

After the pierrot show there was a break for about three quarters of an hour whilst everyone fed largely. The rain of course had stopped and everyone was going out to see where the concert should have been. Both Angus and I were much struck by the number of very pretty women there were in Sierra Leone. I certainly have never seen so many really pretty ones together before on the Coast.

The second half consisted of a concert with different people giving turns. I recited, and would have sung only all my music was on board the *Irmgard*. It was quite funny reciting to a lot of Tommies again, they were topping. We stayed on a bit after nearly all the people had gone and then homewards. It really had been a lovely show and they managed wonderfully considering all the disadvantages. Lady Slater must have been dead tired.

Next day, Thursday, Angus and I went down to Government House and had breakfast there and I went with Lady Slater afterwards to several people who hadn't bought poppies the day before. We also went on board an E.D. boat which had just come in. In Freetown they only sell poppies to the Europeans and not to the natives, unless they come up themselves and buy them. Angus after breakfast had a talk with Sir Ransford and then pushed off to the Agent to find out if there was any news of the *Irmgard*. I went back to Government House with Lady Slater and we sat and talked until nearly 12. Government House is a charming place with beautiful rooms for entertaining and really lovely great big bedrooms upstairs. The garden is charming and Lady Slater takes a great deal of interest in it. What a difference it makes having a decent garden. Government House in Accra does miss that so much.

Thursday evening—————and I went to a dance at the Garrison Club, Angus was very tired so he went to bed instead. It was a ripping dance and a lovely evening. It was the limit being so wet the night before. We got home about 1.30. leaving before the end, as we were weary and it's a long way to get back. In the afternoon we went down to Lumley beach, a topping spot

with jolly silver sands. So funny after the sand we had seen at other places which is quite golden. On Friday morning we heard that the *Irmgard* was due in during the afternoon and so we packed up, took our stuff down to—————'s place and then we went with him out to Kissey to visit the Asylum and Infirmary. It was a delightful run out through the most lovely scenery, lots of it open country with buff-coloured cattle grazing, in one place there was a lovely waterfall. The whole place was full of great big mango trees. The houses were in many cases quaint and pretty and one altogether lost the feeling of being on the Coast except for the black faces. We went down quite close to where they are putting up the oil tanks for the Admiralty. When we got back we went and visited the Native Hospital, quite a fine place, right on the sea-shore. A most charming Matron took us over and showed us everything. We had lunch in town at a very decent hotel run by a Swiss and his wife, and then home for sleep as the *Irmgard* hadn't put in an appearance. We left about 4.30, as she had arrived at last and bade farewell to—————, very sorry to leave, having had a top-hole time and enjoying every minute of it. We had to wait for some time for the launch and when it came it was full of police and prisoners. They had had, it seems, a great deal of trouble on board with the headman and with a lot of stowaways, and also people without passports, so they had roped in a goodly crowd.

Back in the old *Irmgard* with a week's trip in front of us to the Islands. It seemed quite strange being back again and the break had been delightful; very much so as far as the food was concerned, as honestly we had got rather tired of it, and they were running short too and the meals were deadly dull. On leaving Sierra Leone one felt that the first part of the trip was really over. We had taken just under a month to get from Sekondi to Freetown: we had salvaged a wrecked ship's cargo: we had landed at many queer places and we had learnt an awful lot about the civilised Liberian and our opinion of him is the very poorest. They are a crowd of arrogant people, a detestable type; if only they weren't so amazingly satisfied with themselves, one wouldn't mind and one could then admire their attempts

at civilisation, but their appalling arrogance sweeps away any sympathy one might have. The Kroo man may be a bad lot, but he is a poor wretched down-trodden devil and I can now forgive him much. They are insatiably inquisitive and they also seem depressed and morose. They seem to have no *joie de vivre* and at every large place one went to there is a heavy feeling of gloom, I do not wish to go there again. They have no conception of how to use authority, only to abuse it, to the detriment and annoyance of the unfortunate indigenous races. Our week getting to Las Palmas has been delightful, the weather has been perfect and we have sat in the sun and got as brown as berries. Most of the way we have been hugging the coast and have been in sight of land more or less all the time, and the Sahara Coast has been most interesting, mile after mile of sand dunes and in many places the sandy cliffs rose absolutely sheer. We passed a place called Port Etienne. A dreary sad looking place which is a big fishing centre and there, the only fresh water they have, is distilled and brought in carts. The fishing grounds round about this place are supposed to be some of the best in the world and one night we passed a fishing fleet lit up with dozens of lanterns. They looked more like a procession of boats at a fête than anything else. The fishermen, who come mostly from Cadiz, are very careful in landing on this coast, when they do go ashore owing to the wildness of the inhabitants, desert Moors. It gave one a queer feeling to look at the sand dunes and to think how they stretch right to the Red Sea without a break, and what a queer wild life the people must lead there. At one spot we saw the wreck of a British Cruiser which had run on the rocks somewhere about the eighties. Somehow she looked so lonely and desolate and one wondered what had been the fate of her officers and crew.

It's rather interesting being on a cargo boat, as one spends a great deal of one's time on the bridge. which makes it far more interesting than seeing everything from a deck chair in an E.D. boat.

We passed that curious country Rio del Oro, the Spanish possession which has only one town, Villa Cisneros, a fort on a spit of land which has lately become far

more important as the aeroplanes from Dakar to Casablanca use it as a stopping place. It must be an awful life to be there for long. We arrived at Las Palmas about 3.30 on Friday, 19th November, just a week after leaving Freetown. We had made no plans, but had decided to push off and go ashore and see if we could get a boat home from there, any way we didn't mind which way, but had we not been able to get one soon we would have continued in the *Irmgard* to Hamburg, though it was to take eleven days. She had been steaming frightfully slowly owing to slight engine trouble and also from the fact that during the week's wait off the wreck she had become very badly fouled with weeds and barnacles. Our approach to Las Palmas was desperately slow. We landed, after reading our letters which we got there, and went straight to Millers, who is the big agent for most of the shipping firms.

Luck was with us, as we just caught a most awfully kind young man as he was going out to his tea, and he took us in hand at once and we found that on the following day there was a boat of the French Paquet Line going to Marseilles, calling at Casablanca and Tangier. There were several others, a German and Dutch, both from South America and both calling at Lisbon, but we decided to go by the Paquet Line, so back we went to the *Irmgard*, collected our kit and bade farewell to the officers. We left most of our kit on the quay and drove up to Quinney's Hotel, which is run by English people, very nice indeed, and not too frightfully expensive. It was very pleasant to have a big room, a big bed and a real bath full up to the chin with really hot water. We were sorry in some ways to leave the *Irmgard*, our days had slipped by very pleasantly in her, but we were certainly frightfully tired of the food and the thought of ten days to Hamburg with nothing to see and that food wasn't exciting. Mr. Mills of Millers couldn't have been kinder and, while we were having a drink before dinner, turned up to see if we were all right. He asked us if we would come to a dance at the British Club which was next door to the Hotel. So we had dinner whilst he went back to change and about 9.30 we went to the dance, we had a most enjoyable evening and danced till about one

o'clock. The Club is delightful, charmingly got up, a small garden leading to the sea which is used by bathing parties. They have a tremendous amount of bathing nearly all the year round. We met some very cheery people, most of them filled with envy at our going home. Many of them had been in the Islands for years and years and were longing to escape. Next morning we got up late, went down to the office and fixed up about our passages, did some shopping and had a drink at the Club Nautique, drove around a little in a car and then back to the hotel for lunch. It was a perfect day, hot, but a breeze and lovely sunshine. Angus was awfully attracted to the place and is most anxious to go there for a bit to stay, perhaps the last few weeks of his leave.

Mr. Mills came and had lunch with us and after we had packed up our kit we got a car and went for a drive up into the mountains, at the back of Las Palmas. It's very attractive for the first part, the hills are desolate-looking, with hardly any grass or trees, a wired grey brown colour. The hills round Las Palmas are weird looking, they look like a picce of stuff that has been packed away for ages and has just been shaken out and put out to air and is full of creases. Each fold in the hills is the same size and each has the same crease. Further up they become greener and they are covered in fields under cultivation. In one field we noticed a couple of camels working. They looked so quaint. The view from the back of Las Palmas is really lovely but the change in the climate was very great and I was very glad to have a big coat with me. We arrived back about 4, had tea and went on board the French boat. After the *Irmgard* she seemed huge. We had the choice of any amount of cabins, as, except for ourselves, there were only four passengers, as the ship was being kept empty until we arrived at Casablanca, where we were to take on board 1,000 men and officers and 30 horses! We had a cabin on the upper deck, right forward with two port holes and a large piece of deck space in front, shut in by big sliding windows. We have two proper beds instead of bunks and are most awfully comfy, the only thing lacking is a wardrobe or drawers to put one's things away, there being only a few hooks. We went down to dinner, which is at the horribly early hour of

6 o'clock. Our poor insides have really had a very trying time with the chopping and changing of the hours at which we have had our meals. The food was and is most awfully good and after the *Irmgard* is like the Ritz, one really can look forward to a meal here.

Las Palmas looked very attractive as we left, with all its twinkling lights. We turned in early, as we were tired. After our lazy life our day had seemed hectic. The Captain is a cheery soul who has been up and down the Coast for thirty years. He has a dreadful squint and one never knows if he is looking at one when he talks or not. It seemed so funny to be talking French after German, but we slipped into it quite easily. Our fellow passengers are a bank manager from Dakar, a cashier from a Bank at Bamako, a Father from a Mission inland on the Niger, who has been out 18 years and has only been home twice in all that time, a nice old thing with a huge beard which is a great deal of trouble when he eats, and a funny little man from Dakar, who is I think slightly mad, he contradicts everything one says and that in a deep guttural voice which is difficult to understand. We rolled rather badly the first night, but that made little difference to our sleep. We left on a Friday and on Saturday and Sunday we steamed along at what seemed a terrific rate after the *Irmgard*. We spent the day in sleeping and reading and turned in very early. We have the usual French breakfast when we wake in our cabin, lunch, which is the big meal of the day, at 11, dinner at six. We ran into a thick fog on the Saturday night and our slumbers were rather disturbed by the fog horn going and as it was just over our heads it made sleep rather difficult. The weather was glorious and just enough nip in the air to make one realize that one was at last leaving tropical Africa. We were quite close to the Coast and how different it looked to the Coast further down. We arrived off Casablanca about 9 o'clock on Sunday. The sea was like oil which is, it seems, very rare at this time of the year. At first we heard we were to anchor outside and go in in the morning but after a little time the pilot came out and we went inside the harbour. Casablanca at night is a beautiful sight and looks simply enormous, the lights stretching

for miles along the coast line. It looked simply beautiful and with the deep blue sky and the oily water it was really fascinating. Going in it was so smooth that one felt absolutely no movement at all. The engines of the boat are most awfully quiet. We dropped anchor about 10.30 and then turned in. One or two of the passengers I believe did go ashore with the pilot, but Angus had a cold, so we went to bed with a hot toddy, as we didn't want him to be seedy next day as we were to have the whole day ashore for it would take more or less all day to get the troops on board.

During the day we had been watching them rig up shelters for the horses and about 5.30 a.m. we moved alongside the quay, and after that, sleep was impossible, so we got up and dressed. What an amazing sight met our eyes. I had always imagined Casablanca to be a place wrapped in romance, but from the boat one saw not a romantic looking city but a huge modern town like Marseilles with a great harbour filled with ships of every nationality, an amazing sight.

When we came alongside the quay we saw all the troops and horses lined up waiting to come on board. It seemed like the old war days seeing the dusty troops once again. We landed quite early as we thought it wouldn't be very interesting seeing the troops come on board. On landing one realized that Casablanca was in two parts. The old walled town with its romance, and the wonderful new town with its commerce, outside the walled town. We went first to the old town which is close to the quay and there we saw a real scene from "Chu-Chin-Chow" little tiny narrow streets filled with people. Veiled women in flowing white garments, wonderful looking tawny Moors, water carriers with their skins of water, laden donkeys being driven by small boys, sellers of every description crying out their goods in curious high pitched voices. A wonderful medley of colour and smells. All along the streets were funny tiny shops in which a man could hardly stand up in, shoe makers with every coloured shoe, hanging round them, date sellers, lovely steaming coffee sellers and men doing embroidery. Of course there were bigger shops too, some with most attractive coarse pottery

which we bought. It was fascinating and most difficult to drag oneself away. Then we went to the modern part leaving the old town through gates in the wall. Coming out of the gates we came into a huge square with cafes all round and wide boulevards running in all directions with beautiful trees growing up the middle, on these avenues huge shops of Lafayette and Le Printemps displayed all the latest things from Paris.

Stationed all round the square were huge great Charabancs with Notices, Fez, Rabat etc., stuck up in front. Romance was gone in one step out of that gate: The modern town is wonderful as Casablanca has only been built since 1911. The town amazed us but what amazed us more was to hear that in Casablanca are 37,000 Europeans: We wandered about for a long time in the market's wonderful places, a blaze of colour with lovely fruit and flowers and fish lying out on marble slabs.

We had a letter of introduction to a resident and we got into a Victoria drawn by two weary horses and went to find him. We passed through the Jewish part of the town, the ghetto. The Jews live quite apart from any one. The men are mostly dressed in long black gaberdines with tiny black skull caps. We found Mr. Griffin who was most awfully nice and asked us back to his villa for lunch. We gladly accepted and went with him to his house quite small but very pretty and a mass of flowers everywhere. It was lovely to see flowers again. Mrs. Griffin was charming and delighted to have some English people to talk to as there are very few here. We had a very interesting lunch as our host has been here for a great number of years and had much to tell us. After lunch he sent us for a drive into the country with an assistant of his. The whole country is under cultivation mile after mile of small rolling hills all growing wheat and barley. When it is up it must look rather attractive, but the ground was being tilled whilst we were there. Coming home we passed a big lighthouse which had been built by German prisoners during the war. There were very few trees excepting in the avenues and so the country looked very bare. We got back to the ship about six having had a wonderful day and after the different places we had seen one felt a

little overawed by the hugeness of Casablanca and its civilisation. I should like to go back again one day though. During our drive we saw a rather priceless advertisement painted in huge black letters on a wall "Automobilistes et Fordistes arretez ici." I like the division don't you? Mr. Ford may or may not be flattered.

Our ship which had been so empty when we left was a seething mass of men when we returned, and I was the only woman amongst them: The noise in the saloon at dinner that night too after our quiet meals made conversation almost impossible.

The horses seemed to have settled down pretty well but their stamping during the night woke us very often as they were housed just below our cabin. All the next two days we steamed up the coast and by degrees curiosity getting the better of them the officers came up and talked to us. They had many interesting stories to tell of the fighting in the Riff country. They had been out over a year and glad to get back. They were the Chasseurs Alpains and mostly came from south of France. Very few took the trouble to shave, funny thing, how an English Officer would never dream of not shaving. After two days we dropped anchor at Tangiers late at night and as soon as we could next morning we went ashore. Such a picturesque place right in the middle of a lovely wooded bay, built entirely on little hills. On landing we were surrounded by shouting and fighting guides, and we at last chose one, a youth of about eighteen. The harbour is most picturesque and was filled with ships including a French gun-boat and an English destroyer. We climbed up the main street which is very narrow and steep at the top of which is a large market. The street is full of shops and dozens of picture postcard ones. Up this street we passed numbers of Europeans of every nationality and one heard every kind of language. We went to the Bank to get some money, a lovely building more like a Moorish Palace than a Bank, all done in mosaic.

We then hired two donkeys and started to explore the town. No cars or horse-drawn vehicles can go into many parts of the town and in certain streets it is entirely impossible. It was fascinating and we wound

up and up the narrow cobbled streets, houses on either side painted white, pink, yellow and blue. Queer little entrances and peeps every now and then into courtyards. Silent figures slipping past you in flowing robes.

We got to the top and found a big fort where we dismounted from our donkeys (not a pleasant form of progress, going up you feel you must fall off his tail, going down you are convinced you will be flung over his head). We were looking into the Fort courtyard and were just moving off when a tall extremely good looking Officer dressed in a wonderful blue uniform with a huge dark blue cloak lined with red (just like the hero of a musical comedy) came and asked us in perfect English if we would like to see over the fort. He was charming and most kind in showing us everything he could and trying to explain the very complicated situation in Tangiers.

He showed us interesting maps of the Riff Campaign and seemed very contented with the way things were going. He showed us also two huge wild boars which roamed about the fort, sort of mascots.

He was a Spaniard and when I asked him how he spoke English so perfectly he said his mother had been English.

We were quite sorry to leave him as he was so charming and so interesting. We then started on our descent far more perilous than going up, I clung to my poor beastly who just went on steadily. We were able to get some quite good photos, as we had got another camera at Sierra Leone. We had to be back for lunch as we were due to leave about 12 p.m. Our next excitement was Gibraltar. It is a wonderful sight and the Captain, when he heard I had never seen it, said he would go as close in as he could which was awfully nice of him. It thrilled me that great huge bare piece of rock with the clustering houses at the foot and the solidness of it all. Every kind of ship seemed to be passing us. The concrete slab which covers the whole Eastern side of the rock is a great piece of work, it was done to collect the rain which then runs down to the reservoir at the pool.

It's much too difficult to describe it to you.

We steamed up the Coast of Spain for two days, rugged hilly country with clustering villages gleaming white in the sun. Always something to look at.

We arrived in Marseilles in the very early hours of the morning and came alongside about 7 o'clock. We were up and packed long before that as sleep was impossible owing to the troops being got ready to disembark. As soon as we came along the packed quay, a regimental band started playing and a great shout went up. Then they started to get off. Oh the kissing! And lots of them weren't shaved. We waited till they had all gone, said goodbye to the Captain, got through the Customs and went once again into real civilisation. Oh the cold of Marseilles! It was icy and we nearly froze in the mistral.

We took our kit to an hotel and then went to see if we could get sleepers up to Paris that night. But a ship had come in from India just before us and everything was booked up. So we decided to stay in Marseilles for the night. We found out the boat from India was the *California* a 17,000 ton boat of the Anchor Line, and that the first Officer was one Miller who had been first Officer in the *Olympia* which brought Prempeh home from Bombay. And so we got into a taxi and went to see him. Oh, the comparison of the *California* to the ships we had been in; a wonderful ship, wonderfully furnished and equipped, lifts, lounges, a gymnasium and lots of room and such top hole food; we stayed and had lunch with Miller.

After our cramped quarters for six week we felt it couldn't be real. Since arriving a frightful gale had sprung up and even the *California* with her 17,000 tons could not move away from the quay and was hung up for hours.

Our luck was amazing and it was, bar one or two roughish days, the first bad weather the whole of our trip. We left next morning for Paris and got to London next day. And so ended six weeks of intense interest. Six weeks of new scenes, new countries, new people, and a slightly more intimate if distant knowledge of the "Country of the Moorish Tribes."

**THREE TOURS ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.**

(1901 to 1906),

BY CAPTAIN A. W. NORRIS,  
GOLD COAST POLITICAL SERVICE.

[Continued from Vol. IV. No. 1. Page 153.]

## CHAPTER V.

I did not leave England for my second tour until February 1903, as the Colonial Office had given me an extra month's leave, owing to my having had a go of blackwater soon after I landed.

I went out in the "Jebba"—Captain Roberts. We had rather a bad time crossing the Bay. The "Jebba" is noted for its rolling. There were three other officers for the Gold Coast on board, Captain Potter, Captain Denny and Lieut. Poole—all joining for their first tour. We landed at Madeira and had a nice day on shore. It was great fun going up in the railway and coming down the hill in a sleigh.

This tour we did not land at Cape Coast Castle, but at Sekondi, the reason being that the railway had got up as far as Obuasi which is only two days' march from Kumasi.

Sekondi is a growing place, made entirely by the railway. All the mines have their agents there, and all the trading firms have opened big stores there.

Elder, Dempster and Co. have opened a very good hotel under white management. A great improvement on the Cape Coast Hotels.

A lot of people landed at Sekondi from the steamer, engineers for the railway, miners and several Government officials. I was glad to find Dr. and Mrs. Webb there. I had gone home with them the last tour. Before I left England, I had written to my boy Joseph, whom I had left at school at Cape Coast, telling him to meet me at Sekondi, but he had not turned up.

I engaged another boy, who wanted to go up to Kumasi, and trusted to find Joseph up there.

We stayed a clear day in Sekondi, buying food for the journey up and getting our camp beds, etc., out ready.

We left Sekondi at about 6 a.m. As far as Tarkwa we were fairly comfortable, as we were in a carriage but at Tarkwa we had to change into a truck. It was hot. We managed to rig up a sort of awning over our heads but the smuts, etc., were awful. We got as far as Dunkwa that night, arriving at about dusk, having done about 90 miles. We were very lucky, having gone off the rails twice. I never saw such a badly laid road in my life. The curves were far too sharp for the length of the engine and trucks. We ran short of coal on the way, and stopped while the engine driver made all the natives get off the trucks and help collect firewood. We laughed like anything.

At Dunkwa we had to walk about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to the rest house. The station master said that the train would go on at about 6 a.m. the next day, and promised to call us. However, he forgot to do so, and we had to stay next day there. We managed to move up to the empty station buildings for the night, so that we should be on the spot for starting off the next day. We left at about 7 a.m. and arrived at Obuasi (30 miles) at about 2 p.m. There was a good rest house there where we all managed to get in with (for West Africa) comfort. The native transport clerk told us that he would not be able to get us carriers for a few days because the Governor, Sir Mathew Nathan, had just gone up to Kumasi and had taken all the carriers with him. He had, however, about six carriers, who were kept at Obuasi for station purposes, and we were able to get enough water to enjoy baths, which we badly wanted.

I found out from the transport clerk that the district engineer was a Mr. Woodburn, with whom I had travelled in the Bornu my first tour.

We called on the manager of the Obuasi mine the next day. I forget his name, but he and his wife were very good to us. He had us shown round the mines.

We saw the stamps working, and also in the office big balls of amalgam just like apples. I forget how much each one was valued at. We also saw some bars of gold. Just a nice size to put in one's pocket, I remember thinking.

We also went down two of the shafts. It was all most interesting. The Manager asked us to come up and dine that evening. As can be imagined, we did not refuse.

While we were resting outside the rest house after midday chop, the train came in, and much to my surprise, Joseph turned up. He had landed at Sekondi the day we left, had gone to my agents "The Gold Coast Stores," and they had given him a ticket and sent him on after me. At about 5.30 p.m. Poole and I went up to call on Mr. Woodburn. He was very pleased to see me, or at least he said he was, and asked the two of us to dine with him next evening.

We went up to the Manager's at 7 p.m. and had a most excellent dinner, everything just as if it had been in England. The bungalow was only the one I ever saw on the West Coast with a fireplace. It did look so home like.

The next day we wandered round Obuasi, and looked at the town. The Transport clerk said that he hoped to get us off the next day. We were very pleased as we were sick of staying at Obuasi. Poole and I dined with Mr. Woodburn that evening, and enjoyed ourselves very much.

We did not stay late, as we wanted to be off early in the morning. We were all ready the next day at 7 a.m. At least the carriers were, and I was. The others were still in their pyjamas. I had decided to go on to Kumasi on my own. There had been a discussion the night before, and the others who had been in India wanted to try some new way of marching. I mean the hours to start, etc. I knew that it would not do on the coast, and as they all thought they knew better, I cleared off. I did not go by the usual road to Kumasi, *via* Bekwai, but walked along the clearing for the railway, about ten miles. For the first four miles or so

it was very good going as we walked along the permanent way, but after that it was through the clearing, men hard at work cutting and burning the bushes and trees down. At about 11 o'clock I arrived at Mr. Raven's bungalow. Mr. Raven was an engineer in charge of the railhead work. He made me stay to chop, and then pointed out a bush track almost opposite to his bungalow, that would, he said, take me across on to the Cape Coast road. By going that way, I should make a two days' march to Kumasi; going by Bekwai, it would take three days.

I then had a four hours' march through the bush without passing a village. I got on to the Cape Coast road at about 4 p.m. and arrived at a nice looking village at about 5.30 where I sent for the chief and told him to give me a hut. I left the next day at about 6.a.m. and passed Esumeja at about 8 a.m. and arrived at Kumasi at about 2.30 p.m., having had midday chop about four miles from Kumasi. I reported myself to Colonel Wilkinson, and found that B Company was out at Mampon. I found that I should have to wait at Kumasi about ten days, as the Governor required all the carriers. This was the first time that I had met Sir Matthew Nathan. He was dining at the mess that evening.

The other three officers with whom I had come out arrived the next day, having taken three days to come up from Obuasi. I found out afterwards that they had admitted that Indian ideas would not work on the West Coast.

The Governor went away two days afterwards on his way to the Northern Territories on a visit of inspection. I then had to sit down at Kumasi for 12 days doing nothing. I managed at last to get about 13 carriers. Just enough to carry a hammock, camp kit, and two loads of chop. I trusted to the others being sent on after me. The first day's march was to Aguna. Between Kumasi and Aguna I met Lieut. Dixon, who was coming in to Kumasi from Mampon sick. Aguna is a big village. The Chief is head fetish man of Ashanti, and as such has a lot of power. He is not a head chief, as he is under Mampon\*.

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\* Aguna is an Independent Head Chief now and not under the Head Chief of Mampon.

I left Aguna at about 6 a.m. the next day and arrived at the Fetish cliffs at about 10 a.m. I have never seen anything like these cliffs. They are of a grey limestone formation. The path goes straight up to them and then follows the cliff for about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile.

One has to walk right along the rock. The top of the cliff being about 100 feet above one, and projecting about 8 to 12 feet beyond the path. It looks as if the cliffs were falling down on you. I got into Mampon at about 12.15 p.m. and found that Mackay had chop ready for me. As I passed along the lines to the quarters all the men came out to welcome me. They frisked round me like dogs round their master. I had to stop and shake hands with the children. Mackay was very glad that I had turned up, as the Colonel had given him two weeks' leave to go shooting as soon as I arrived to relieve him, and then he was due for home. That afternoon there was a procession of men coming up with their mammies to dash (give) me welcome bringing fowls, eggs, fruit and three sheep. It was very nice, and I had to accept them or else they would have been offended, but it meant that I had to give them all a "Back-dash" in money. A trifle over the value of what they gave me. For a sheep I had to give from 12/- to 16/-, for a fowl 1/3, eggs about 1d. for three. It was really compulsory buying.

Mackay took me round the lines after afternoon parade. I was glad to find that Sergeant Butler was with the Company still. Sergeant Yarrel had gone home. Captain Bishop was also home on leave. I took over the Company books next day. There were several items I could not understand in the cash book, under the heading of "Cissy." Mackay said it was short for "subsistence money". He told me rather a funny thing about the same entry: It seems that while I was on leave, Mackay was for two months in command at Cape Coast Castle, he having taken down a detachment of C Company to relieve the West India Regiment. He had to send several runners and escorts about, and he always entered up their marching money as "Cissy". The Governor visited Cape Coast, and inspected the books, and on seeing these entries said in

his dry way—"and Mr. Mackay, who is this young lady called Cissy who has been having such a lot of money."

We had alarm posts that afternoon, and at about 6 p.m. the King of Mampon came up from the village to pay me a visit. He was a fine made man, but showed signs of too much drinking. He brought me a dash of about eight loads of yam and banana. Of course, I had to give him a "back dash." Mr. Kwafu, the Native Basel Mission Teacher, came to see me also. Mackay handed over the Company to me the next day and he started off on his trip.

I might as well give a short description of Mampon.

The King of Mampon is the first of the five "Dukes" or Sub-Kings under whom Ashanti is divided. The five are the chiefs of Mampon, Juabin, N'suta, Kokofu, and Bekwai. These five in the old days elected the King of Ashanti. Prempeh was the last. It was really very much on the same principal as the German Emperors were elected by the Counts Palatine and the Archbishops of Germany. During the 1900 war Mampon was loyal. I do not think from wish, but because he was in Kumasi when the row began and the Acting Chief Commissioner had him brought to the fort, and kept him there all the siege—so he was obliged to be loyal.

The town of Mampon is so placed that in case of another rising the Company stationed there could with the help of native levies, and acting in conjunction with the other out-stations, make it impossible for the Ashanti's to besiege Kumasi like they did in 1900. The town is just on the edge of the Forest belt, and is fairly healthy. There is only one small swamp. Not like Kumasi, which is surrounded with swamps. The lines, fort, parade ground and quarters are in a big clearing just outside the south side of the town. The Fort is built of mud, with walls about five feet thick, loop-holed all the way round with bastions for a maxim gun and a seven pounder at the N.E. and S.W. corners. Inside are cells, guard-room, magazine stores, orderly room, etc. The outside of the fort is defended by a ditch about 5 ft. deep with a palisade on the outer

edge. It was built by Captain Haslewood and D Company. The lines were very nice, there being four long rows of huts, each man having his own hut. The mess and the officers quarters were between the fort and the town. They were built on the daub and wattle principle with grass roofs. The Hospital and doctors quarters were on the west side of the fort. The water at Mampon was splendid. It came out of a spring in clay soil down a pretty dell about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from the fort.

There was no Doctor at Mampon. Only a native dispenser who was rather given to mixing the various medicines up. He did not kill anyone, luckily, but it was a wonder he did not. He gave me once some croton oil to rub on a sprain. There was a lot of work to do at Mampon, as the officer in command there had also to act as a sort of District Commissioner, and try civil cases. Besides that there was a lot to do in the Station, rebuilding after the rains and improving the quarters generally. I was very glad when Dixon came back from Kumasi. He started on the range. We wanted to get a 800 yard range. As it was, we only had 500 yards. We had to dig a big pit, big enough to take two windmill targets 8' x 12' so it meant a big pit and also a big stop-butt behind. Mackay came back from his shooting trip, having enjoyed himself very much. He was rather cut up, though, about a .303 Lee Enfield Carbine that I had lent him and that he thought one of his carriers had broken. He said that the bolt would not work. He had punished the carrier who had played with it and wanted to know if I would get the carbine mended, and he would pay for it. I found on looking at the carbine that it had gone to "half-cock" and of course only required the bolt head pulling back. I did chaff him over it.

Mackay received an order from Kumasi to send in all the Grunshies for exchange to I Company. There were about 32 in B Company and we were getting about 40 Hausas. B Company would then be the Hausa Company. As Mackay was within a week of being due for leave, he said that he would go in with them. Being out at Mampon was much nicer than being at Kumasi,

one felt that one was one's own master, and had a certain amount of responsibility. I had several long interesting talks with the King of Mampon. He told me a good bit about the 1900 war and its causes. On the whole, what he said agreed with Captain Armitage's book and contradicted Lady Hodgson's. I was able to get a lot of monkey shooting and collected a lot of nice skins. Dixon and I also used to go out parrot shooting. Parrots are not at all bad eating really. We had several trys at some buck that used to come on to the range, but we never managed to get one. We could not get close enough. One could do much more with variated drills at Mampon. We could do Bush drill, and open order drill on a big open piece of country about 15 minutes march from the lines. We also had a fine, big parade ground.

Every now and then we had someone passing through either on their way to the Northern Territories or else coming down country, on their way home. About three weeks after Mackay left, Sir Donald Stewart and Colonel Wilkinson passed through on their way back to Kumasi from Salaga, both having been round Ashanti with the Governor. The Colonel had seven horses with him that he had bought up country.

The Colonel inspected the Station. He seemed to be pleased with the new butts and complimented Dixon on them. Sir Donald Stewart held a palaver, to which the chiefs from all the villages near came. He gave the King of Mampon some very straight talking, which was wanted. I tried to get Sir Donald to agitate for a doctor to be sent out to Mampon, but he would not promise anything.

They stayed two clear days at Mampon. It seemed very dull after they went. Captain Bishop arrived about the end of May and took over the command from me.

He gave me the job of building a blockhouse to guard the water supply. It took me about a month making. I made it more or less on the principle of a Canadian block house. Solid logs of trees with just the ends let in to each other a little to hold it firm. It

was a big job as the logs in the front side were about 30 ft. long and over 20 ins. in diameter. We then had a big job rebuilding almost the whole of one of the sides of the fort.

We were very glad when a Doctor arrived at the Station. A nice fellow called Claridge. It was very funny but he had not been in the station four hours before we had two bad cases for him, the first a man with fracture to the base of his skull, and the other a carrier bitten by a cobra. He pulled both through. In July I was ordered to make a road sketch from Mampon to Kumasi, *via* N'suta and Juabin. I was very glad to get away on the trek for a little and particularly in this case, as it was new country to me. The road from Mampon to N'suta I knew, as I had been to N'suta several times. It was about three miles, but beyond that I did not know it.

I started off one morning at about 6 a.m. I took five days to do the march as one could not do much more than ten to twelve miles a day, stopping about every 120 yards to take a fresh compass bearing and then counting one's paces till one took the next bearing. I was very lucky on this trip and was able to buy quite a lot of Ashanti weights and brass figures. I also got some very good gold-dust boxes. I plotted my road when I got into Kumasi and handed it into the orderly room. The Colonel could not make it fit in at all, until I suddenly noticed that I had put the North point upside down!!

I found that Bishop had sent in a long list of things that he wanted me to bring out. On the Coast it is generally a case of out of sight out of mind, and out-stations have to worry a lot to get things. So Bishop naturally took advantage of my being in at Kumasi to try and get everything he could.

I worried everybody until I got nearly everything that was on the list. New carbines, matchets, paper and stores of all sorts. Having had a week in at Head Quarters I went back to Mampon.

Bishop and Dixon went into Kumasi for "Kumasi Day," leaving Claridge and myself at Mampon. We kept up "Kumasi Day" by ourselves. There were

several men in the Company who had been in the siege. We had a "bush whack" over to Nsuta and surrounded the village without the natives knowing. Claridge and I then walked into the village and told the chief what we were going to do and that they should not be frightened. I had the charge sounded and all the men came running in from all round. We had mid-day chop there and then "bush whacked" back to Mampon finishing up with a charge on the fort. Bishop had not had the monthly alarm post by night that month, so I had it one night. I wanted to see what the men would do if they thought it was a real alarm. So I went round to the fort at about midnight and served the Guard out with blank ammunition. I then got them to shout and make a noise and then begin firing as if they were attacked. It acted very well. The majority of the men went straight to their alarm posts. A few, however, stayed to collect their household goods, etc. The mammies and children came for the fort with a rush like one man, and a few of them got a little bruised getting in through the entrance, I am sorry to say. However, I gained the knowledge that I wanted to, viz. what I could expect to happen if the fort was really attacked.

Bishop and Dixon came back from Kumasi at the end of the week, having had a "hairy" time of it.

We had a good bit of work to do at Mampon collecting caravan taxes, etc. A good many of the traders complained that they had already paid the tax at Ejura, a village about 25 miles north of Mampon. We found that the King of Mampon had sent men up to Ejura and was making the natives pay tax for bringing cattle, etc. through. I had complained to Sir Donald Stewart about this when he came to Mampon soon after I took over command and he had told the King that he must not do it. Bishop had also warned the King twice about it. So when one day we had more complaints from caravans about it, Bishop ordered me to be ready to march the next morning at 5.30, get to Ejura by a forced march, taking two or three men from the caravan as witnesses, and take prisoner anyone who had collected taxes.

He said I was to take 15 men and could pick whom I liked. I asked if I might take the Sergeant-Major. He said I might.

I got off the next day at 5.30 a.m. sharp, and reached Ejura hill about a mile from Ejura, at 2.25, having only stopped once for 20 minutes on the way. The idea was to try and reach Ejura before the natives could get wind of our coming. I passed two small caravans on the way, both of which had been taxed. So I made one man from each come back with me to help in the identification. When I got to the top of Ejura hill I explained to the men what I had come for and what I wanted them to do.

I told off two men to each witness with orders to arrest anyone they pointed out and the Sergeant-Major with two men to arrest the chief of the village, keeping five men and my orderly with me. I explained that I should take station under the village "shade tree" and that all prisoners were to be brought to me there. The plan worked very well. I caught five of the King of Mampon's collectors. I had rather trouble with the chief as he bolted into a Banana plantation, but the Sergeant-Major with the help of six men that I sent surrounded the bush side of the plantation and then advancing through it drove the Chief out into the village, where I threatened to shoot him if he did not stop. I then put all six prisoners into a hut with a guard over them and took the next hut for myself. I had a bath and something to eat—both of which I badly wanted, and then held an informal court, told the prisoners why I had caught them—pointed out who were the witnesses, took the prisoners names and the witnesses against them—and told them I should take them back to Mampon the next day. I warned them that the sentries had orders to shoot anyone who tried to escape. At about 5.30 p.m. the chief of the Hausa Zongo came in to pay me a visit and brought a sheep as a "dash". I gave him 15/- and a box of biscuits as a "back dash." He was very pleased. I gave the sheep to the Sergeant-Major to kill, telling him to divide it between the men and carriers, saying I would have the kidneys and two ribs myself. They were highly delighted and had a

grand feast, and they deserved it after the splendid way they had marched over 25 miles in  $8\frac{1}{2}$  hours with only one halt of 20 minutes, as it was in the dry season and they were in marching order. I ordered the Sergeant-Major to be ready to march the next morning at 6 a.m. I was called at 5 a.m. and had dressed and finished my breakfast by 5.30 a.m. I then sent for the Chief and told him that I knew that it was not really his fault that taxes had been collected. That he was under the King of Mampon and had to do what he was told. That I did not wish to march him back as a prisoner, and that if he would swear "the King's Oath" (the strongest oath almost they can take and one that is seldom broken) to be at Mampon by 6 p.m. that evening, I would let him go by himself. He took the necessary oath and also swore by the "Golden Stool," so I knew pretty well that I could trust him. I took it easier going back and got into Mampon at 5.30 p.m. The Chief of Ejura arrived at the same time. He had been first to the King of Mampon and the King came up in a tremendous stew just as I was handing over the prisoners to Captain Bishop with my report that I had written at Ejura. The King was very angry and I thought at first that Bishop would have arrested him, he was so insulting. But Bishop only ordered him out of the fort, saying that the case would be gone into at 9.30 a.m. the next day. He approved of my having let the Chief of Ejura come in by myself, and was very pleased at my "good-bag." He excused the escort and myself from early parade the next day. I turned in at about 8 p.m. and slept the clock right round, finishing breakfast just in time to have a talk with Bishop about what had happened before 9.30.

The King of Mampon turned up just before 9.30 and Bishop went into the case. Three of the men admitted that they were collecting taxes for the King of Mampon. Bishop decided to send all the five prisoners into Kumasi to be tried, and ordered the Chief of Ejura to go in also. They left that morning under escort. The King of Mampon was very cross and rude, and when he went away, Bishop refused to shake hands with him.

Claridge left us at about this time, and a Doctor of the name of Purkis relieved him. I had been having a

good bit of fever and Claridge had advised that I should have a change. There was an officer from Kumasi of the name of Royle out at Mampon. He had been sent out on sick leave, and it was decided that the two of us should go to the Lake for a change and have fish diet. We took it very easy going to the Lake (four and a half days). The first two days was old ground to me, as it was the Nsuta-Juabin road that I had sketched that tour. The rest was new ground. In fact, at one village we were told that we were the first white men that had been there. I got a lot more brass weights and Ashanti curios. We arrived at the Lake on the fifth day, and having reached a nice looking village we decided to stop there for a week. I told Royle about the Biposu mine, and I sent my orderly up (the mine was only about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours away) to ask if we might come up one day and see it. The Manager, Mr. Borgese, sent back an answer to say that he would expect us to come up the next day and to stay with them as long as we like. We were very pleased and sent back an answer, gladly accepting. We started off the next day about 9 a.m. and arrived up at the mine in time for 12.30 chop. I did find the place changed. Instead of four or five mud huts I found a huge clearing, with bungalows, offices, hospital, saw mills, engine house, etc. I should not have known that it was the same place I had visited only 18 months before.

There was also a tennis court, made, I was afterwards told, of pounded gold-bearing quartz. It is not everyone who can say that he has played on a gold tennis court. Royle and I were given the Assistant Manager's bungalow to sleep in. Mr. and Mrs. Borgese were kindness itself to us. When they heard that we had been sent out for a fish diet, they sent down to the Lake twice a day and had live fish brought up. All the staff were also very kind, each trying what he could do for us.

Mr. Borgese took us all over the mine. They had done a lot since I was there. One could see the gold in places so clearly, sticking out of the quartz. Mr. Borgese allowed me to pick out some nice little samples. They were just fixing up some stamps, but

Mr. Borgese said that he was afraid that they would not be heavy enough for the quartz, but they could not get heavier ones, as they had to be carried to the mine from the railway. Royle and I benefitted very much by our stay there. I think what did us most good was the well-cooked food, and sitting down to a table with the little fancy things on it that only a woman knows how to place, so as to look artistic, etc. It really made one feel almost as though one were back in England. We were very sorry when our time came to leave, as we had enjoyed ourselves so much. We both felt ever so much better for the change. The air out at these mines was the best I ever came across in Ashanti. They are high up on the hill, and one has a most beautiful view, right across miles and miles of dense forest to the Ejura Hills about eighty miles away. The Mine Doctor said that they had very little sickness. We were both feeling so fit that we went back to Kumasi in two days, doing good marches each day. Of course, as usual we were caught in a tornado just outside Kumasi. About two months before, I had written home for some telephones, batteries, electric bells, wires, etc., meaning to fix them up out at Mampon. But when I got into Kumasi, the Colonel asked me if I would let him have the telephones for the range and if I would fix them up. I agreed to it, and was very glad of the excuse, because the railway into Kumasi was going to be opened on the 1st October, and it would mean that I should be in at Kumasi for all the celebrations.

To fix up the telephone I had to make shift of all sorts of things. I managed to get about 800 yards of copper telegraph wire from the telegraph stores in the fort. I then had to make earth plates out of copper lighting conductor. For insulators I used the tops of empty champagne bottles cracked off round the shoulder. I drove iron bolts down through the necks into the top of poles. I could only get hold of enough stuff to make two earth plates, and so I fixed one in the butts and one at the 800 yards firing point, the Colonel saying that if the telephone worked he would get the telegraph people to make some more. It took me

about 5 days doing the whole thing. The Colonel gave me a squad of Mendis to help me. They *were* funny about it. When I had it all fixed up Major Reeves and Lieut. Read went down to the butts and I went to the 800 yards firing point. I was awfully pleased when it worked. Read then suggested to me that some of the Mendis should talk to each other. I thought I should never stop laughing. They could not understand it at all. The telephone at my end was fixed in a "range-box," a big sort of cupboard that could be carried about. The first man who spoke at my end was called John Bull II. I took hold of the spare receiver so as to be able to hear the whole conversation. This is what happened—

John Bull: "Who be dere"?

Answer: "John Try."

John Bull: "You fit hear me"?

John Try: "Yes. Who be you"?

John Bull: "John Bull."

John Try: "John Bull, You be d- - fool."

John Bull all this time had been growing more and more mystified and at this put his hand up behind the board the telephone was fixed on to see if John Try was there. He then dropped his receiver and rushed out of the box to see if John Try was hiding behind. Comes back, picks up receiver and says—"John Try, you be bushman, you go coss me again I fit hit you". John Try thereupon answered—"John Bull, you mudder him be Krooboy and you farder lib for tree and catch tail all same monkey." John Bull with a yell of rage rushed off down the range to find out "what John Try mean go coss my mudder and farder." This sort of thing went on for about half an hour. One man when he heard some one speaking, gave a yell and rushed off to the lines, saying that it was "Bad ju ju plenty too much." I had the wires disconnected and the box carried away and walked down the range to meet Major Reeves and Read. I found that they were both in the same state of collapse as I was. The Major said that he did not know when he had seen anything so funny.

The first train was to arrive at Kumasi on October 1st, 1903. It was due at about 11 o'clock and was to be driven by Mrs. Hurst, the wife of the Chief Engineer.

Sir Donald Stewart, the Chief Commissioner, invited all the chiefs to come in for the opening. I never saw such a collection of chiefs, the whole time I was out on the coast. They all had their full show of gold ornaments, and their best umbrellas. There were thousands there, as every chief had brought in a crowd of relatives and slaves. There was no parade that day, and all the men were in review order, their red zouave jackets showing up among the crowd. Everybody was in their best uniform, medals, etc. A lot of fog signals had been laid on the rails and the chiefs had been served out with gun powder to fire off, as the native loves a noise. The train arrived at about 11.30. I got Mrs. Hurst to stand on the step of the engine while I took a photograph. Nearly all the construction staff had come up on the train and the Government Railway Staff from Sekondi also. There was a lunch given in the Court House to all the Europeans at 12.30 by the Chief Commissioner, and in the afternoon, a cricket match was held. Kumasi v. Railway Staff. In the evening the 1st Gold Coast Regiment Mess entertained everybody at dinner, and we had a sing-song afterwards, keeping it up till late at night.

There was to have been a shooting match the next morning, but everybody was too tired.

The cricket match was continued that afternoon and we had another sing-song in the evening. All the railway people cleared off the next day, having, I think, had a royal time of it.

I also went back to Mampon that day. Lieut. Mackay rejoined from leave about this time, so there was quite a nice little mess out at Mampon, five of us.

At about the beginning of December Bishop received orders from the Colonel to send me up to a place called Techiman, about a day's march to the West of NKoranza, to make a map of the country for seven miles round. I was glad of the chance of a good march. I had to cut straight across country and get on to the Kumasi-Kintampo road at a place about two days march from Kumasi.

The first day I only made a short march of about 14 miles, but the next I had 22 miles through the bush without passing a single village. It was very trying. I got into the village on the main road at about 4.30 p.m. dead beat, as I had had to march the whole way, the track being too narrow for a hammock. When I was having my evening chop at about 7 p.m. my boy informed me that "Plenty bad sick lib for this country. Plenty man die when we go come get house ready for master, one man lib for this house plenty sick too much, it lib small, he go die, we want this house for master, so we go drive him". I was so pleased at this, and I found that the village was full of small pox!!! It was too late to move on elsewhere, so I had to stop there, but I did not like it at all. I sent in a messenger to Kumasi with a note notifying the small pox before I moved off next day. It was three day's march from there to Techiman. I had to cross over the river Tano four or five times on the way.

The Tano is a big Ashanti Fetish. The fish in it are sacred and may not be caught. They are fed twice a day by the Fetish priests at all villages on the Tano. In former years, they used to be fed on human flesh from the human sacrifices, but now they are fed on bananas. They have become so tame that they will come and take the food out of one's hand. There are several sorts of fish. The ugly cat-fish, perch, roach, and a sort of trout. The natives will not cross the Tano on a Friday; if they do they are supposed to die or have some very bad luck soon.

Techiman is a big village in the middle of a large open undulating plain. There are narrow strips of forest here and there, but nothing to speak of.

At about 7.30 in the evening I arrived I had just finished chop, when I was surprised to hear a number of children's voices singing "God save the King." I went outside and found about 35 little boys and girls singing. Their ages ran from seven to fifteen, I should think. They then sang several hymns. I found out that the Wesley Mission had sent a native teacher up, and he had started this school and had taught them.

The school at that time had never been visited by a white missionary. The teacher asked me to visit the school next day. I said I would try to do so, but if I did not, I would one day before I left. I forget now exactly which day I did go—but anyway, I was very surprised when I did go. There were four or five children who could read fairly well, and several who could say their A.B.C. and do simple sums. The head boy asked if I would give them a subscription towards their band fund. The teacher said that they were saving up money to buy some instruments. They had already got about £5.

It took me about twelve days to make my map. I used to start every morning at 6.30 and get back at about 3 in the afternoon. I then had a rest till about 4, and then went out shooting. I got a lot of very fine monkey skins and one buck.

One day a native hunter came in to say that there were elephants quite close. I at once sent in a runner to NKoranza with a telegram to the Chief Commissioner, asking for a Licence to shoot the elephants, which cost £5. And also a telegram to the Colonel asking for three days' shooting leave. Both were granted and I started off early the next morning. I chased the elephants for two days, but could not come up with them, and so had to give it up. I was very sick about it and the £5 was wasted. I went back to Mampon via NKoranza. It took me five days. I had done a good bit of the map in the evenings, out at Techiman, so only had to finish it off when I got back to Mampon.

Christmas day was kept up in grand style. We had ordered up a lot of things from the Coast, and had a right royal dinner. The boys, glad of an excuse to have a "Beano," got drunk.

Mackay being Scotch and the rest of us all having some Scotch blood, we decided on New Year's eve, to see 1904 in properly. We had saved the remains of our Christmas drinks etc. for the occasion. Mackay made up some charges for the seven pounder from some confiscated gun-powder that we had, and we also

got some blank rounds for the carbines. Mackay and I dragged the seven pounder round to the officers quarters and Bishop sent for the two Company buglers. We also turned out to guard. Mackay and I served the gun; the others lined up with the guard to fire *feu-de-joie*. Just on midnight, the buglers sounded the "Last post". Then the gun was fired. Then a *feu-de-joie*—another gun—another *feu-de-joie*, and the same again. Then the buglers sounded the "General Salute" and then we gave three cheers for the King. By this time all the men were out of the lines, thinking it was an attack, and the King of Mampon had come up with all his headmen to see what was up. Bishop sent the men back to the lines, but the King seeing that there was a chance of drink, stayed. We gave him and his men drinks out of the special jar we kept for them. This was a demi-john into which we always put the remains of any whisky, gin, etc. that was in the bottles. The natives like something with a bite on it, and always take their drinks neat. We generally found that this mixture, with the addition of some *Ai* sauce, suited their taste. We got to bed about 3.30 a.m. feeling that though we were on the West Coast, we had not lost touch of British customs.

General Kemball, the Inspector-General, came out from England. I think it was about the beginning of January. He came to Mampon after having inspected Kumasi. The Colonel came with him. The staff officer was Captain Maude of the Somersets. The General had brought out presents from His Majesty King Edward for those chiefs who were loyal during the 1900 war. Some of them were very fine. The King of Mampon had a great big replica of the Ashanti Medal fixed on to a big silver chain given to him, also a big silver bowl. The chain was after the style of a Mayor's chain of office. It was very pretty, and the King was very proud of it. The Queen Mother also had a present. I think it was a big silver mounted looking glass.

We had a sham fight while the General was there. I had the misfortune to smash my right hand up by hitting a native over the head. It was very foolish—

one might as well try to knock a hole through a brick wall. But I had to do it, as the stupid fellow had gone off his head with excitement and was dancing about with his carbine loaded and bayonet fixed. The General went into everything very thoroughly. I don't think he missed a single thing that could be inspected.

It was very different from the inspections that one has in an English Regiment sometimes. That is a farce often.

My time for home was drawing very near. Dixon had already gone, and I was due at the end of February. I was sorry to leave Mampon as I had enjoyed myself out there very much.

Owing to my having smashed my hand, I had not been able to shave for over two months, and had grown a splendid attempt at a beard. I arrived in at Kumasi with it on. But when I reported myself to Major Reeve in the Orderly Room, he refused to accept my report until I had shaved, so I had to get someone to cut it off for me. I was rather put out, as I wanted to go home with it on. But it was not to be. I found that I should not be going down country by myself. There was a 2nd Battalion officer going home also, Charles, of the Essex Regiment. We were able now to go the whole way to Sekondi by train. Kumasi to Obuasi about six hours for 50 miles, sleep the night there and go on to Sekondi next day, about 110 miles in twelve hours. That is, if one had luck and the train did not go off the rail or anything of that sort happen. We were very lucky and got down without an accident and almost on time. We had to wait two days for the boat, the s.s. *Sobo*, Captain Toft.

We had a splendid passage home and glad I was to be home once more.

I landed at Sekondi for my third tour on the 2nd October 1904, having come out in the *Burutu*, Captain Hely. We sailed from Liverpool on September 17th, and had a good passage after passing the islands as regards weather, with the exception of going on a mud-bank at Conakry, and having to stop there for the night. There was rather a row on at Sekondi over the Hut tax. There was a fear that it might come to something. I

stayed two days in Sekondi, leaving for Kumasi at 6.30 a.m. on the 5th and got up to Kumasi at about 10.30 a.m. on the 6th.

I found that B Company had come in from Mampon and that a Lieut. Cunningham was in command. I took the company over from him. I was very glad at being posted again to "B" Company, as I knew the men so well, and they knew me. Naturally, living in at Kumasi was more expensive than out at Mampon, and we did not get our 5/- a day Field allowance. I found my boy Joseph waiting for me up at Kumasi. I was very pleased to get him back again. The rains were very late leaving off this year, and interfered with the parades. The other subaltern belonging to the Company, Sheely of the Warwicks, I did not see much of, as he was struck off duty for signalling. Cunningham, however, was a hard working chap, and did his own share and a bit over. Rather a good native juggler (a Hausa) performed down outside the fort one day. He did the usual native tricks of sticking a sword through himself, and things of that sort. How it is done I don't know. But it was very interesting. Mrs. Webb, who had been so good to me in Sekondi, came up on the 27th October with the Railway Manager and his wife. I was able to return some of her kindness. We got news of the Russians having fired on the Hull fishing fleet. Most of us thought that it would mean war, and were sorry that we should be out of it. The officers going home were very chaffed. They were told that they would be sunk on the way back.

We kept up the King's Birthday. A general parade in the morning. Then we were all photographed. In the evening we asked all Europeans in Kumasi to a smoking concert. We had very good fun. Did not get to bed until about 3 a.m.

The rains finished for good about the middle of November, and the hot weather began. At first it was rather nice. But as the pools dried and the mosquitoes became numerous, one wished for some rain again. Dr. Purkis passed through Kumasi about the end of November on his way home. He was four months

overdue. Nothing of any interest happened for some time. A few officers went home and some came out. Xmas mails arrived about the 18th December.

Xmas at Kumasi was very quiet. There were only four of us in the mess. All the others had gone down to Sekondi to play cricket against the Railway. The four of us left behind spent Xmas day with Major and Mrs. Davidson-Houston. The Major was Acting Chief Commissioner. They did us very well. On Tuesday evening we gave a dinner to all the whites in Kumasi, and had a little sing-song afterwards. It was  $121^{\circ}$  in the shade on Xmas day. On Xmas eve there was a big fire in the lines. Luckily there was no wind so there was not much damage done. The Sekondi party came back having had a very good time of it.

We saw the New Year in in proper style. I felt very bad the next day. The ginger beer I expect. On the 9th January, I drank to my old school friends. (The "Old Neunheimers" were having their Annual Dinner). It seemed funny to think that there were scores of other old boys doing the same thing all over the world.

Mr. Cathcart Wason, M.P., and his wife came up to Kumasi at the end of January. He was going round the West Coast looking for things to pick holes in. I don't think he found much up at Kumasi, though I was told that he said he thought Kumasi as healthy as England. We were rather pleased to see in the papers a few weeks after that he had had fever on his way home. I am afraid that we looked on him rather as a spy. We were all kept working at a fair pitch, as the new Colonel (Colonel Tidswell) was expected the first week in March. and the Inspector-General in April. Colonel Tidswell arrived on the 4th April, with his wife. He had been transferred from Lagos to us. We all had to put on our best suits and go and call. It did seem funny calling on a lady up in Kumasi.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of the Gold Coast came up to Kumasi about this time and consecrated the grave of a Captain Maguire, who was killed at Kumasi during the 1900 war. He was a most charming man, and very interesting to talk to. The Inspector-General

arrived on the 11th March and gave us a good doing. He had marched across from Northern Nigeria to the Northern Territories. Mr. Fuller, the new Chief Commissioner, arrived on March 18th. I had to find a guard of honour from "B" Company to mount at the Station. He is a big man with a black beard, and looks as if he had a will of his own. He got a salute also, 21 guns I think it was.

On the 31st March we had a little excitement. In the afternoon, Major and Mrs. Tidswell and Captain Charlton went out riding in the Bush and at about 8.30 p.m., when we had just finished Mess, the Major's boy came up to say that they had not come back. I volunteered to go out with a party to look for them. I sent up to the lines and got off in about 20 minutes with 20 men carrying lanterns. The Adjutant, Lt. Greenway, and the Transport officer, Mr. Pott, also came with carriers and hammocks. We tracked the horses out to a village about two and half miles from Kumasi and then, seeing that the tracks were bearing off to the left, we decided to come back to Kumasi as, judging by the road they were taking, we knew they would come in by Bantama. I got back at about 11.30 and found that the "Lost Ones" had returned about 15 minutes before, having been escorted in by Ashanti guides.

At about this time I was warned to be ready to take the Company out to NKoranza to build an outstation there. I was very pleased at the idea of leaving Kumasi. The rains began about the middle of April. They came on rather suddenly this year. The average, I should think, was four hours hard in every 24 hours. I was kept hanging off and on for two months about going on out-station and at the end of May the Major settled that "C" Company was to go and that "B" Company was to do its muskery before it went anywhere. So that knocked NKoranza on the head. But I was glad to know for certain, as it was such a worry being told one day that one was to go and the next day that one was not to go.

In the middle of June I was warned to be ready to go to Accra with "B" Company to relieve the Company there. I did not much like the idea of the coast,

but preferred it to Kumasi. I did not build much on it, as I thought it might be another case of NKoranza. I began putting the Company through its Annual Musketry on June 29th. It was very tiring work on the range from 5.30 a.m. till about 1 p.m. It meant a lot of writing, also, as the Major wanted a detailed return of each day's work to be in at the Orderly Room by nine the next day, with all sorts of averages and percentages worked out. I don't know what the use of them was, but he wanted it done, so it had to be done. It nearly drove me mad, though.

The half year's shoot for the Chief Commissioner's Cup took place on the 9th July. I was lucky enough to win it. The wind got up after I had finished and therefore the people firing after me had not such a good chance as I had. In the afternoon of the 9th I received orders to march for Cape Coast on the 11th, only a day and a half's notice.

I found that the hurry was because a row was expected at Cape Coast owing to the houses being numbered ready for the "Hut Tax". There is a section stationed at Cape Coast from the Accra Company, the other three sections being at Accra. Lt. Anderson, of the Royal Scots, was at Cape Coast. As I had no subaltern (Cunningham had gone home), Lt. Stokes of the King's Own was transferred to "B" Company from H. Company. My orders, roughly, were to march down to Cape Coast with as a little delay as possible and stay there with the whole Company until I got orders to march on to Accra, leaving Lt. Stokes and one section at Cape Coast to relieve Lt. Anderson and the Section of "D" Company. I was not able to get away on Tuesday and had to wait till the next day, the 12th July. I took the usual eight days down to Cape Coast, but did the last day in almost two hours under the usual time. I had received a wire from the District Commissioner Mr. Foulkes, asking me not to delay. I thought that perhaps the row had started and pushed on as hard as I could. Everything was very quiet though. There were one or two very funny things said in the local native paper about us coming down, and of course, as

was only to be expected, we were accused of most unheard of outrages. But one soon learns not to take any notice of the babblings of the native press.

We had a lot of work to do at Cape Coast, holding boards on all the stores, etc., there. There were such a lot of things that had got damaged by not being looked after properly. There were thousands of rounds of Martini Henri cartridges that had been there for years. Also about 20 carbines of various sorts, some of them almost new and ruined by the rust, etc.

The Governor wired for me to come on to Accra as there was no need for me to stop at Cape Coast.

I left on Friday the 20th July and arrived at Accra on Tuesday the 1st August. It was a very trying march, nearly the whole way was along the sea on the beach in soft sand that one sank into at every step. I had left Lt. Stokes and 37 men at Cape Coast and had Sergeant Tiernan of the Leinsters with me. A good, hard working fellow, and a good type of Irish soldier. Captain Glover of the Cheshires was in command of the three sections at Accra. He was rather sorry at leaving, as he enjoyed the polo there. The Cantonments were about three miles out of Accra. They had been built as the Head Quarters of the Regiment some years before and there were bungalows for about 12 officers and quarters for over 400 men. A splendid big parade ground, and huge stores and offices. The buildings, in fact, were much better than those at Kumasi. It was very comfortable, but rather slow, so far away from the town. I really cannot say the value of the buildings, etc. that were going to ruin, through white ants and dry rot. It must have been thousands of pounds.

There was a large building called "The Fort" fitted up inside with stores, smithy, gun park, school rooms, etc. nearly all the fittings useless where they were and too heavy to be moved up to Kumasi. A big magazine full of .450 ammunition, half of it useless and spoilt, and a lot of war rockets and 7 pdr. ammunition—very little .303 ammunition which was of course the only sort of use to us. In the gun park there were six seven pounders, a small maxim gun without a water jacket, a Gatling gun and various rocket tubes and

troughs. There had been two or three Nordenfeldts, but Glover had just handed them over to the Volunteers.

The Governor was at home and the Colonial Secretary, Major Bryan, was acting. There were seven white ladies in Accra all very nice indeed. The one I saw most of was Miss Deeks, the nurse at the Hospital, a most charming lady and great fun. People were awfully good in coming out to see us. Sunday afternoon was the great day. They generally rode out for tea. I was very glad to get a horse. There was a very nice English mare that had belonged to Colonel Wilkinson and that he had left to be handed on from officer to officer at Accra. As we got 2/6 a day horse allowance when we kept a horse, it was very nice, the 2/6 just covering the fodder and paying a horse boy. Glover did not get away for some time as he was ordered to stop at Accra, owing to a row in the Bator country on the Volta.

We received orders on August 10th to be ready to march for there with all available men of both Companies. We had to leave a few men behind for Guard duties, etc. Between the two Companies we managed to get ready about 190 men, quite a nice little force.

We started off the next day. Captain Glover, Dr. Ralph, Sergeant Tiernan, myself, and about 190 men. We did about 25 miles the first day, sleeping at Dodowa. My hammock broke, and I had to march nearly all the way. Dodowa is a biggish village at the foot of the hills. The whole trade of the place is palm oil. They bring it to Dodowa in small loads on their heads. Then it is put into huge casks about five ft. in diameter and rolled along the road to Accra. Water is rather scarce all along the road. The next day we did only 12 miles, sleeping at Agomeda and the next day got to Akuse, where we had to wait for Mr. O'Brien, the Provincial Commissioner, and Dr. Montgomery, the District Commissioner.

We left Akuse the next day, the 22nd August, Mr. O'Brien and Dr. Montgomery having come up the evening before. We got the men into the fine, big

barges, and the others got into the launch that was towing the barges. I got into another launch and went on in front to look for a good landing place. We all got to the village, which went by the name of Aditokopwe, at about 3 p.m.

Glover left me to post sentries and outposts round the village, and he went out with a party into the bush. He caught three men with guns. I had better now say what the row was about.

The Bators are divided into five tribes, two of whom, the Pekis and the Tes, have been palavering for a long time about fishing rights in certain streams and lakes. The courts had given the case in favour of the Tes. The Pekis refused to accept this and shot at the Tes when fishing. Mr. O'Brien had a short time before tried to settle the matter and the Pekis had threatened to shoot him, and he had to leave the district. The result was that we had been sent out as a sort of an escort and as a "Demonstration of Arms" and we were now right in the Peki country. Though it is only 50 miles from Accra, the country has never been surveyed and no white man has been through it. Each Governor in turn has been afraid to start a row and has left it for his successor. They have been afraid of the people at home. The people and their customs are unknown. For all we know they may be having human sacrifices. Mr. O'Brien sent out messengers the next day ordering all the chiefs round to come in for a palaver. He told them why we had come and said that the Tes were to fish and that we should come and watch and if the Pekis fired, we should fire on them. We spent the whole of the afternoon cutting down the bush round the village and rigging up wire entanglements. I spent the next two days sketching the country. I made a map of nearly all the paths for four miles round. We went out twice and watched the Tes fish. Everything went off very quietly. Glover and I were rather sorry, as we rather wanted a row. Neither of us had any medals and we both wanted one.

We stayed on till the 29th and then, as everything seemed quiet, we started back. (I expect by this time that they have had all the trouble over again.)

We got back to Accra on the 2nd September. I was greeted with the news that my despatch box had been stolen during my absence. It was found afterwards in the bush cut open and all the papers torn up. We did not come back to Accra the same way we went. We came back via Aburi. The Sanatorium is there. A very nice place with lovely gardens. The top floor is reserved for the Governor. Glover left with his Company for Kumasi on the 7th, so I was left alone with Sergeant Tiernan. I often went into Accra though, and managed to enjoy myself very much.

My relief arrived on the 24th September and I received orders to sail by the *Burutu* on the 2nd October. I was very sorry to leave, as I knew I should not be coming back again, and I had got attached to the men in the Company. Some of them broke down when they said good-bye to me. I nearly broke down myself. The *Burutu* came in at about mid-day on the 2nd October, and I went on board, feeling very sorry at having to leave, as I liked the work and really do not much mind the West Coast.

So finished my service in West Africa.

*(To be continued).*



## RITES OF THE OYENI FETISH.

BY W. E. WARD,

*Achimota College.*

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th Sept., 1928, we arrived at James Fort, in a bastion of which the Oyeni fetish has his abode. The Sempe Manche, the chief of the Awuna community, and others, were sitting just inside the compound of the Fort waiting for the ceremony to begin. After a short conversation with them we went inside, accompanied by one of the priests of the fetish. The small chamber in which stands the conical pillar of the fetish was full of people, although the ceremonies had not yet begun and the chiefs were not yet there. As soon as we got inside the chamber we were met by five or six women, who appeared to be in charge of the proceedings. All but one were middle-aged; the exception was a young girl of about sixteen. All were powdered and oiled; and wore round their neck several wreaths of leaves; we were told the wreaths consisted of a kind of seaweed, but I cannot believe this: I still think the plant was a land plant of some kind. All wore their hair dressed into five "buns" a large one resting on four rather smaller ones; one or two red feathers were stuck into the top. All the women were highly excited, and seemed in a state of partial ecstasy, due perhaps to drink (though I could not detect any smell of liquor) or to some drug, or perhaps to sheer religious excitement. The eyes were bulging and the eyelids drooping. One after another they came forward and embraced us as we stood in the entrance, amid much mirth from the crowd: they clasped us just below the shoulders, and standing with the head resting on the right arm and partly on our chest muttered rapidly for some seconds. After this we went into the interior of the chamber to the far side of the

fetish pillar, and turned to face the doorway. Immediately the women came to us again, having gone round the pillar in the opposite direction. Each of them greeted us again with a vigorous clap and shake of the hand, her right hand being held above the head and brought down against the palm of our right hand with a resounding slap, after which our hand was clasped between both hers and shaken. Then she turned herself round and pressing her back as closely against us as possible rubbed up and down against us four or five times. This form of greeting was gone through by all the women in turn.

After this the ceremony began. All danced slowly in single file three times round the pillar, singing "Moi bi egbo, amenyewo, kwasia min nyewo." (Moi's son is dead, they hate us, fools hate us). At the end of the circuit all stood with arms upraised to the pillar while the priest presented a bowl of palm oil with fufu and fish to the fetish and placed it on the flat top of the pillar. After this and the conclusion of the long prayer that accompanied it, the dance was resumed to the same song, and again the pillar was thrice circled by the dancers.

This ended the ceremony in the fort, though for half an hour afterwards crowds were pressing in to the bastion to visit the abode of Oyeni. We sat for a time in the compound with the Sempe Manche and other chiefs. Presently all moved down to the land between the Customs shed and the foot of the cliffs. Here, in a small store belonging to the West African Lighterage & Transport Co., a halt was made. As many of the crowd as could find room (only about a dozen) squeezed into the store, and the priest of Oyeni briefly poured gin, with some lumps of fufu and of fish, on the cement floor to the Obosom Abora, a son of Oyeni, whose sacred rock was covered over when the store was built. The only prayer was a short sentence accompanying each little splash of spirit, etc., on the floor; the whole proceeding was over in a minute.

The next place visited was a small stone about thirty yards further east, between the railway line and the cliff; apparently part of the debris eroded from the cliff face.

This was the abode of Afei, a daughter of Oyeni. At this place the ground was thickly scattered with cocoa beans that had dropped from a leaky sack; as soon as the place was reached several young girls in the crowd dropped on their knees and began fingering them and making marks in the dust and sand; but though I studied the marks afterwards they bore no trace of regular design as far as I could see. This action may or may not have had any religious significance. The only sacrifice made here was part of a bottle of gin, poured on the stone with the same brief prayer as that to Abora.

Then was visited the Oboto rock, a projecting buttress of the cliff, another son of Oyeni. This rock is being blasted away by the Public Works Department for road metal, and the ground at the foot is strewn for yards round with fallen fragments. One of the larger of these, about three feet cube, was selected as the site for the sacrifice, which consisted only of gin. The prayer again was very brief: but this time the gin instead of being poured on the stone from the bottle held high, was contained in a small metal cup like the top of a Thermos flask, the rim bent at one place to form a lip for pouring. The priest squatted on his heels, and shaking the cup in his right hand poured the spirit very slowly and carefully on to the smooth sloping face of the rock, the lip of the cup almost touching the rock and moving slowly from top to bottom in three parallel vertical lines. When the cup was empty the priest without rising held it up in his left hand to be refilled, and in this way three cupfuls in all were poured on the rock. During the pouring there was dead silence on the part of those in the inner circle, though the mass of the crowd were pushing and talking. This silence was much more noticeable than the momentary hush at the Abora and Afei rites. Even here the introductory prayer—there was no audible prayer during the pouring of the gin—was short. After the sacrifice of gin a woman pushed into the ring with a bottle of fizzy lemonade; the priest, who had just finished his own sacrifice, made a short prayer, only two or three sentences long, and then the woman herself hurled the

bottle with all her force on to the rock and abruptly turned her back; and before the splintering and frothing had subsided she was lost in the crowd.

The three vertical marks may have some connection with the one or more vertical marks in white clay that the priest and a few others had on their foreheads. We asked whether Oboto did not object to his rock being cut up for road metal. The reply of the priest was to the effect that it made little difference to him, as it was not to be supposed that he was confined to that particular buttress of rock; if that were all destroyed he had the whole of the cliff to retire into. And in any case, even if he were to object, it was not likely, the priest said, that Oboto would press his objections against the Government.

The last place visited in the course of these rites was a small swish hut about four feet high in what is now the Asere quarter. This is an ancient habitation of Oyeni, dating from the time when the Sempe people were living in the district; it was left behind when they moved to their present homes. With no ceremony at all, though everyone was present, a portion of fish and fufu in a basin was put into the tiny hole that is the only opening to the tabernacle. The priest took no part in this; the woman that had carried the basin put it inside the hut, and as soon as this was done the crowd began to disperse.

Year  
1928.

The Government of  
the Gold Coast.

Vol. IV. No. 2.  
July-December.

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Copies of this Review are on sale at the Office of the Colonial Secretary, Accra, the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 4, Millbank, Westminster, London, S.W.1., and the Gold Coast Commercial Intelligence Bureau, Abbey House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

**Price of this Number—2 Shillings.**